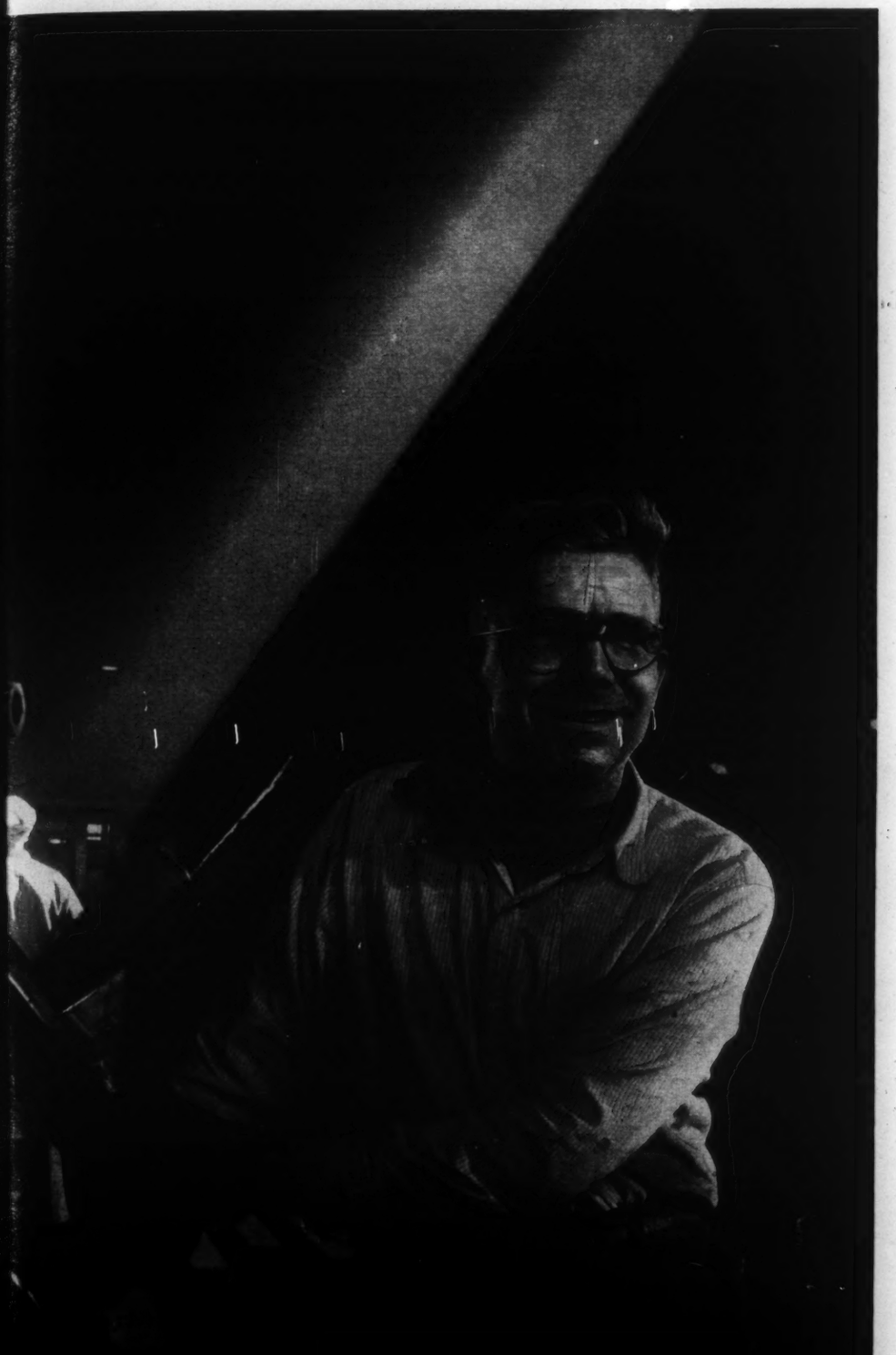
SATURDAY NIGHT

JANUARY 10, 1953 10 CENTS



—Steelworker by Karsh ©

THINKING BIG IN '53

by Michael Young

A FEW YEARS AGO we could read predictions for business in the United States and apply them, almost full force, to business in Canada. Towards the end of 1953 we should have the chance of discovering whether this still applies. U.S. business, generally, is expecting a levelling-off towards the end of 1953 that may develop into a recession early in 1954. There are some substantial pegs on which to hang that prediction, but there are fewer pegs on which to hang the assumption that the Canadian economy will follow the U.S. economy into a "calm".

There have been some notable changes in Canada. The most important of these is the fact that Canadians are beginning to see themselves as something besides a younger duplicate of the United States. Canada is a country with geographic and economic frontiers, and the program of developing them is too big and, so to speak, too cosmopolitan to be regarded as a mere "boom"—a bright flash followed by subsidies, followed by ghost towns. The established industries have grown and the new ones—the iron ore, titanium, uranium, petroleum, aluminum—have joined them.

AND the techniques of developing these resources —the railways pushed into almost impenetrable wilderness, the tunnels and penstocks cut through mountains of solid rock—have captured Canadians' imagination. As a result, we've started thinking on our own, and we've started thinking big—big enough to tackle a project like the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power with or without U.S. participation; big enough, it's to be hoped, to open our doors to people of goodwill who want to make Canada their home and join us in these projects; big enough to shoulder international responsibilities like the Colombo Plan and apply our resources and talents to raising living standards in underdeveloped countries.

These are the positive things for the Canadian economy in 1953, and for many years thereafter. Each of them is a source of strength and economic independence. Taken all together, they look like an effective counterweight to a serious business down-turn. But they can be undermined, and the slow persistent gnawings that can do it will be seen during 1953.

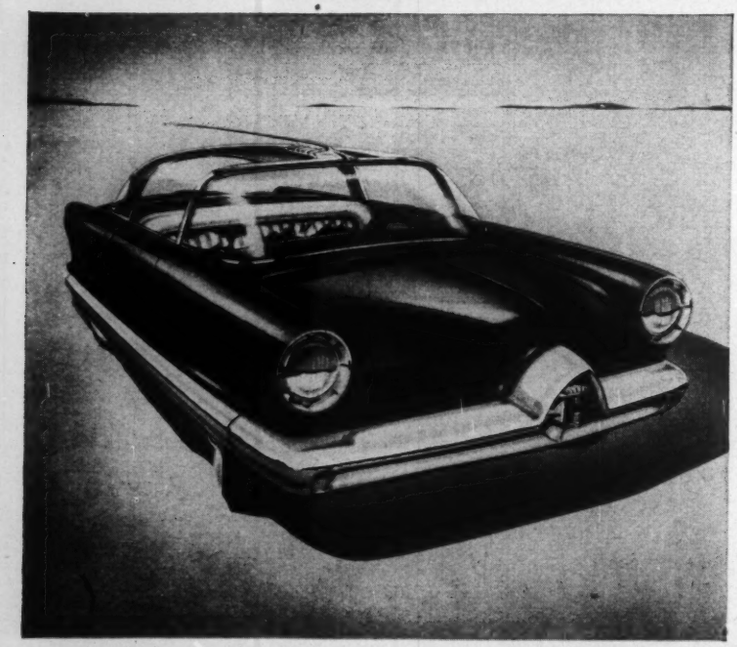
First of these is a possible change in attitude. People in both Canada and the United States have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

PRESCRIPTION FOR DOCTORS
by Stuart Keate

ROOM FOR WOMEN AT THE TOP
by Renée Vautelet

New Convertible features 335 h.p. V-8 engine, a removable top, adjustable steering wheel, and built-in hydraulic jacks.



Streamlined hard-top has doors that curve up into roof, making it easier to enter and leave. Note how bumper circles car completely.

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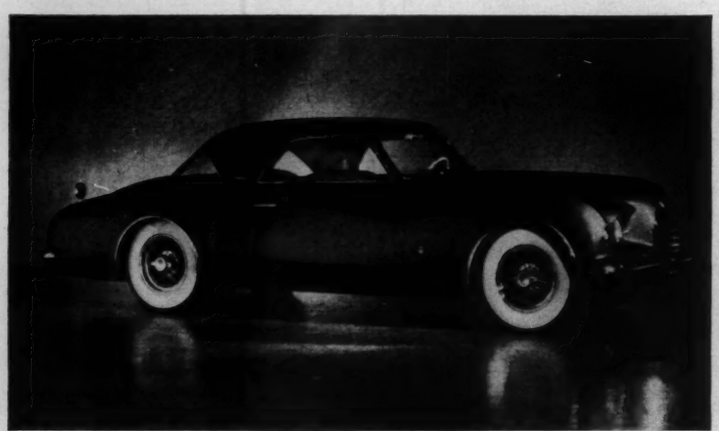

American-designed, this new model was hand-crafted in Italy. Chrome-plated wire wheels add style, help cool brakes and tires.

Exact Scale Model enables designers and engineers to coordinate mechanical needs, exterior style and interior comfort.

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HELEN BEATTIE, in an informative article "Growing Up with Opera" says the Toronto Opera Festival next month will prove that professional singing in Canada is not incompatible with eating and tells the history of the Royal Conservatory Opera Company . . . Associate Editor HUGH GARNER anticipates your fears (largely ungrounded) about what jury duty will mean to you in an explanatory article "We, The Jury: Many Are Called, Few Are Chosen" . . . New Brunswick's PC Premier Flemming, who swept the Province in a surprise election, is profiled from two points of view by Toronto *Telegram's* RICHARD O'HAGAN and writer JOHN CREED . . . BC humorist ERIC NICOL writes a tongue-in-cheek column of advice—inside stuff—to girls in "Out of the Wolf's Mouth" . . . PAUL DUVAL writes of a face-lifting in the Royal Canadian Academy and recounts its history and reports on its new "youth movement" . . . Canadian railroadmen's annual battle against winter is told in picture and story. JOHN IRWIN, in "Snow Fighters Wage Cold War" describes the railroads' fight with winter.

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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

OTTAWA LETTER

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by John A. Stevenson

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On February 1, 1943, M. J. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF, expressing his disappointment over the refusal of the Government to undertake a revision of the rules of the House during a war, argued that they could be modernized very profitably without any interference with freedom of expression or speech. A few days later the late Mr. Cardin, a very experienced Liberal Minister, concurred in this view in these words:

"Our rules of procedure are obsolete. They have been framed after the rules followed at Westminster, but here we have not developed the methods and customs prevailing at Westminster. There is an urgent necessity for a change in the rules of the House, a change in our methods of procedure."

And on March 18, 1946, Mr. John Bracken, then leader of the Progressive Conservative party, went so far as to describe the procedure of the Canadian Parliament as "still in the oxcart stage of half a century ago" and as "slow, clumsy, wasteful of time and excessively conventional" and contended that the rules required simplification and modernization. The procedure of the British Parliament has been repeatedly modernized and is admittedly much more efficient than our own. But in recent years it has been subjected to a steady stream of criticism, and curiously its severest critics have been Conservatives.

TWO former Tory Ministers, Lord Eustace Percy in a book called "Government in Transition" and L. C. S. Amery in his "Thoughs on the Constitution" have both made vigorous indictments of the procedure of Parliament and offered constructive proposals for curing its flaws and weaknesses.

An even sterner and more persistent critic is Christopher Hollis, M.P., a Roman Catholic in religion, who is an unorthodox and very independent member of the Conservative party. Three years ago he wrote a book styled "Can Parliament Survive?" In it he made a strong case for his thesis that only drastic reforms of its procedure could restore its prestige and authority, both of which in his view had waned enormously.

Last month *The Manchester Guardian*, a great Liberal paper, gave him space to resume his attack in an interesting article. In it Hollis asserted that the day had gone by when any one could any longer enjoy the life of Parliament itself.

"Those," he wrote, "who feel that they have some intellectual contribution to make to our problems, increasingly prefer to make it outside Parliament. I doubt if there is a single member to whom the hours spent in Parliament are not hours of unendurable boredom and who would not gladly jump at any excuse to get out of the building. But on the other hand, we all meet one another with the stolid, despairing comment 'What

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EDITORIALS

Idea of Government Must Remain Honest

GOVERNMENT may be, as Thomas Paine said, the badge of lost innocence, a system made necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world. But though the individual may lack virtue, he still expects honesty of purpose, a sort of morality of intent, of his government; and this is proper, because government is an idea which must remain honest even when those who enjoy its powers may be dishonest or incompetent. People who are free to make a choice can change the men who carry out the duties of government, but when they come to doubt the honesty of the idea, they take the first step toward anarchy.

The men who handle the affairs of government have this great responsibility: to guard the faith of the individuals who make up the state in the rightness of the idea, a duty which is above friendship or party loyalty. It is a responsibility which must be shared by those in office and those who seek office.

We hope this will be remembered when Parliament reconvenes on Monday and resumes its debate on the Currie report. It cannot be doubted that very many Canadians have been confused and angered by the report on the Army Works Services, probably more by what it implied than what it said. They can understand dishonesty at an army camp; they know there are dishonest men everywhere and do not expect military law to accomplish what civil law has failed to do. But they resent and fear a state of mind, in a ministry whose concern is national defence, which may permit bungling and tolerate waste. The debate on the Currie report could strengthen or weaken the faith of these people in the just process of government.

There has been a great hullabaloo about the report, and this will get louder when the members of Parliament gather next week at Ottawa; but if the noise of debate drowns the public's cry for enlightenment and reassurance, it will be just as bad as if the debate were not held at all. Nor will the debate have served its purpose if it deals only with misdeeds which took place at one army camp many months ago. The comments of Col. Currie, who looked into the situation at that camp, cannot help but breed the suspicion that inefficient handling of the affairs of the defence department may have permitted irregularities in other parts of the huge defence program, and the fear that lack of care in defence spending and administration could lead to corruption.

These suspicions and fears must be removed, not only to maintain public confidence in the armed forces and the civil authority which controls them, not only to maintain public support of the defence program itself, but above all to maintain public faith in the morals of government.

Scant Respect for His Creator

Public Hangings

WE LIKE to think we are a civilized people. We have bathrooms and electric lights and cars and television sets and innumerable gadgets to prove how far we have come during the centuries which separate us from our ancestors who drew pictures on the walls of the caves in which they lived. But there are times when a creeping doubt suggests that our gadgets only prove that we are more ingenious, more mechanically inventive than our forbears.

Such a time of doubt came when two men were hanged in Toronto for the shooting of a policeman. We are much too civilized to permit public hangings, which are too brutal for our delicate sensibilities, but apparently we enjoy watching them, as it were, through a mist of words which only blurs the stark outline of agony. At least, that is the only conclusion to be drawn from the minute-by-minute accounts in the Toronto newspapers of the last hours of the condemned men and their closest relatives.

It was as close to a public hanging as was possible, with pages of pictures and panting prose. To blame the newspapers is too easy; besides, they can point to the crowd which shivered in the dark outside the jail at the time of the hanging as proof that they were only meeting the public's morbid interest. Even to blame the people themselves is only a means of escape from more searching thought.

Whether these men should have been executed or sentenced to life imprisonment is a question which concerns the penalties which should be imposed by society on those who sin against its laws. It is a question divorced from consideration of mass interest in the act of execution. The letting of blood still fascinates human beings, no matter what their standard of living; that this fascination is common to the jungle dweller in his blood rites and to the city dweller in his avid reading of "news" cannot be doubted.

Who, then, should take the blame? The people who make a business of satisfying this blood lust, or the people who rush to read the accounts and stand outside jails at the hour of execution? Or are we to question the success of our educators and our spiritual advisers in cleaning men's minds and hearts of evil things? Placing the blame is not so important, if we understand that a condition to blame exists and if we understand that the things men do and the things men think are much more important than what they build with their hands or buy with their money.

It is pleasant to have a warm, comfortable house in which to live; a fine large building in which to study or to worship; but if the living and the study and the worship become matters of social custom and comfort without enlarging men's minds and souls, we have no right to consider ourselves civilized. Indeed, we may not be human at all, being as perishable as the ingenious things we build.

Promoting Friendship

FRIENDSHIP, like a flower, wilts with too much handling. When two people sit down and try to dissect their friendship, the chances are they find so many things wrong with each other that they decide to end their relationship forthwith.

This fragile quality in friendship exists as much between nations as between individuals, since nations are after all only numbers of individuals divided by arbitrary lines on a map or by physical

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And on March 18, 1946, Mr. John Bracken, then leader of the Progressive Conservative party, went so far as to describe the procedure of the Canadian Parliament as "still in the oxcart stage of half a century ago" and as "slow, clumsy, wasteful of time and excessively conventional" and contended that the rules required simplification and modernization. The procedure of the British Parliament has been repeatedly modernized and is admittedly much more efficient than our own. But in recent years it has been subjected to a steady stream of criticism, and curiously its severest critics have been Conservatives.

Two former Tory Ministers, Lord Eustace Percy in a book called "Government in Transition" and L. C. S. Amery in his "Thoughs on the Constitution" have both made vigorous indictments of the procedure of Parliament and offered constructive proposals for curing its flaws and weaknesses.

An even sterner and more persistent critic is Christopher Hollis, M.P., a Roman Catholic in religion, who is an unorthodox and very independent member of the Conservative party. Three years ago he wrote a book styled "Can Parliament Survive?" In it he made a strong case for his thesis that only drastic reforms of its procedure could restore its prestige and authority, both of which in his view had waned enormously.

Last month *The Manchester Guardian*, a great Liberal paper, gave him space to resume his attack in an interesting article. In it Hollis asserted that the day had gone by when any one could any longer enjoy the life of Parliament itself.

"Those," he wrote, "who feel that they have some intellectual contribution to make to our problems, increasingly prefer to make it outside Parliament. I doubt if there is a single member to whom the hours spent in Parliament are not hours of unendurable boredom and who would not gladly jump at any excuse to get out of the building. But on the other hand, we all meet one another with the stolid, despairing comment 'What

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EDITORIALS

Idea of Government Must Remain Honest

GOVERNMENT may be, as Thomas Paine said, the badge of lost innocence, a system made necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world. But though the individual may lack virtue, he still expects honesty of purpose, a sort of morality of intent, of his government; and this is proper, because government is an idea which must remain honest even when those who enjoy its powers may be dishonest or incompetent. People who are free to make a choice can change the men who carry out the duties of government, but when they come to doubt the honesty of the idea, they take the first step toward anarchy.

The men who handle the affairs of government have this great responsibility: to guard the faith of the individuals who make up the state in the rightness of the idea, a duty which is above friendship or party loyalty. It is a responsibility which must be shared by those in office and those who seek office.

We hope this will be remembered when Parliament reconvenes on Monday and resumes its debate on the Currie report. It cannot be doubted that very many Canadians have been confused and angered by the report on the Army Works Services, probably more by what it implied than what it said. They can understand dishonesty at an army camp; they know there are dishonest men everywhere and do not expect military law to accomplish what civil law has failed to do. But they resent and fear a state of mind, in a ministry whose concern is national defence, which may permit bungling and tolerate waste. The debate on the Currie report could strengthen or weaken the faith of these people in the just process of government.

There has been a great hullabaloo about the report, and this will get louder when the members of Parliament gather next week at Ottawa; but if the noise of debate drowns the public's cry for enlightenment and reassurance, it will be just as bad as if the debate were not held at all. Nor will the debate have served its purpose if it deals only with misdeeds which took place at one army camp many months ago. The comments of Col. Currie, who looked into the situation at that camp, cannot help but breed the suspicion that inefficient handling of the affairs of the defence department may have permitted irregularities in other parts of the huge defence program, and the fear that lack of care in defence spending and administration could lead to corruption.

These suspicions and fears must be removed, not only to maintain public confidence in the armed forces and the civil authority which controls them, not only to maintain public support of the defence program itself, but above all to maintain public faith in the morals of government.

Scant Respect for His Creator

Public Hangings

WE LIKE to think we are a civilized people. We have bathrooms and electric lights and cars and television sets and innumerable gadgets to prove how far we have come during the centuries which separate us from our ancestors who drew pictures on the walls of the caves in which they lived. But there are times when a creeping doubt suggests that our gadgets only prove that we are more ingenious, more mechanically inventive than our forbears.

Such a time of doubt came when two men were hanged in Toronto for the shooting of a policeman. We are much too civilized to permit public hangings, which are too brutal for our delicate sensibilities, but apparently we enjoy watching them, as it were, through a mist of words which only blurs the stark outline of agony. At least, that is the only conclusion to be drawn from the minute-by-minute accounts in the Toronto newspapers of the last hours of the condemned men and their closest relatives.

It was as close to a public hanging as was possible, with pages of pictures and panting prose. To blame the newspapers is too easy; besides, they can point to the crowd which shivered in the dark outside the jail at the time of the hanging as proof that they were only meeting the public's morbid interest. Even to blame the people themselves is only a means of escape from more searching thought.

Whether these men should have been executed or sentenced to life imprisonment is a question which concerns the penalties which should be imposed by society on those who sin against its laws. It is a question divorced from consideration of mass interest in the act of execution. The letting of blood still fascinates human beings, no matter what their standard of living; that this fascination is common to the jungle dweller in his blood rites and to the city dweller in his avid reading of "news" cannot be doubted.

Who, then, should take the blame? The people who make a business of satisfying this blood lust, or the people who rush to read the accounts and stand outside jails at the hour of execution? Or are we to question the success of our educators and our spiritual advisers in cleaning men's minds and hearts of evil things? Placing the blame is not so important, if we understand that a condition to blame exists and if we understand that the things men do and the things men think are much more important than what they build with their hands or buy with their money.

It is pleasant to have a warm, comfortable house in which to live; a fine large building in which to study or to worship; but if the living and the study and the worship become matters of social custom and comfort without enlarging men's minds and souls, we have no right to consider ourselves civilized. Indeed, we may not be human at all, being as perishable as the ingenious things we build.

Promoting Friendship

FRIENDSHIP, like a flower, wilts with too much handling. When two people sit down and try to dissect their friendship, the chances are they find so many things wrong with each other that they decide to end their relationship forthwith.

This fragile quality in friendship exists as much between nations as between individuals, since nations are after all only numbers of individuals divided by arbitrary lines on a map or by physical

features like oceans or by governments. It is for this reason that we shudder when we read such statements as those made recently by Prof. Frederick M. Watkins, who left McGill University's political science and economics department to join the staff of Yale University. Prof. Watkins was quoted as saying the "long and historic friendship" between Canada and the United States is weakening; Canadians do not trust U.S. foreign policy; Canadians are afraid an "unwise and impulsive move" by Americans would touch off a third world war; they think Canada's interests are "constantly being jeopardized by inept decisions over which they have no control."

Prof. Watkins has every legal right to say what he thinks, of course, but it is doubtful if he has any moral right to speak in such general terms of what Canadians are thinking. We agree that some Canadians look with considerable suspicion on the U.S. political system and policies, but we are ready to bet that for every such Canadian there is another who disagrees and that neither of these men would be speaking for the majority of Canadians who haven't much of an opinion one way or the other.

Still, that is not the point. Prof. Watkins' motive was to convince people in the United States they should make Canadians feel they are genuine partners in any alliance, but by interpreting the thoughts of Canadians in such a way it is likely he caused more resentment than goodwill. His method destroys his motive. If he had said some members of the Canadian government are worried by lack of consultation on subjects of common interest, his comment certainly would be justified. It is right and proper for intelligent men and women to examine relationships between nations to erase difficulties and misunderstandings, but how they go about it decides whether the examination will be an asset or an irritant.

Enough of These Questions

IF ALL the silly questions people ask were laid end to end, it would be a golden opportunity for a mass burial. You return from a one-day trip and some jovial fellow is sure to say "Back in town, eh?" Of course you are back in town, unless you have the uncanny ability to be in two places at the same time. Then you answer the telephone and a voice says "Ah, I see you're home now." He doesn't see it at all, and anyway the mechanics of the operation make the whole thing absurd.

Some of the questions can be endured and others can be ignored, but a few seem to have been invented purely as irritants. For example, if there is anybody we hate more than the man who asks "Is it hot enough for you?" it is the man who asks "Is it cold enough for you?" We would like to consign this man to a frigid hell peopled by penguins trained to cackle madly and to ask the same question, hour after hour, day after day, time without end.

We dislike cold weather, which is only for small boys and lusty characters who take chilly baths every morning. The corollary to cold weather, snow undoubtedly is very Christmassy, good for seasonable business and all that, but we can take it or leave it. We have to take it, but we'd prefer to leave it.

Why do people ask such questions, anyway? If you try giving them an honest answer, their reaction is one of shocked surprise, as if you had tried to sell them a batch of the latest picture postcards from Paris. Just try answering someone who asks "How do you do?" sometime, and see what happens. Just try telling them about that ingrown toenail and those shooting pains you had in the small of the back this morning. What you get for your trouble at the very least is a cool disinterest. People say they ask these questions to be polite, but it is a shallow courtesy worn thin by social custom. How much better just to say "hello" and let the whole dismal matter go at that.

Triumph for Canadian

WHEN Lois Marshall came back to Canada after her New York Town Hall debut, the batch of rave notices she received from the New York critics were reprinted by Canadian newspapers and were received by the Canadian public with a force of revelation. That was only right; the New York critics are a clear-eyed lot, and not known as soft critical touches when it comes to describing the debuts of young singers.

—John Steele

LOIS MARSHALL

Miss Marshall was at Town Hall because she won this year's Naumburg Award. While she received something less than forty dollars for her concert, she also won a contract with Columbia Artists, the international booking agency. At the same time, she received offers from Columbia records and from the CBS network for radio engagements.

We share Miss Marshall's well deserved satisfaction, because these things have come after years of hard work. But we're inclined to feel a little waspish about the general Canadian reaction: one of shock followed by pleasure. Since Miss Marshall has appeared many times with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, with the Mendelssohn Choir and with the CBC Opera Company, must her ability to please an American audience be the only thing that will make the Canadian public believe in her?

We are forced to admit that this must be so, because it has happened so often before. It is a pleasure to know that Miss Marshall has accepted a teaching post at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto; at least it seems that the time has come when American acclaim does not immediately precede the purchase of a one-way ticket to the south.

Since Columbia Artists will be handling Miss Marshall's concert tours across Canada, all of us will have a chance to share the enthusiasm of the New York critics.

Those Morning Meals

THE PLACE of the stomach in military operations has been well publicized since Napoleon's comment on the subject. The civilian stomach, however, has been badly neglected by all except executives who can afford ulcers, women who scoff at diets and the sturdy characters who refuse anything that fails to pass a taste-bud test.

The guiding principle with most people is that a certain amount of food is necessary simply as fuel, its form and condition being secondary to its utilitarian bulk. The prevalent attitude toward breakfast is an illustration of this technological approach to food consumption. There was a time when the breaking of the over-night fast (by those who could afford any food at that hour) was a ceremony preceded by a leisurely bath, a brisk walk, bright conversation and perhaps some reading. Now it is one step in the methodical if hurried process of getting to The Job.

Breakfast has become a suspicious meal. Some men approach the food with thinly veiled contempt, as something to be dealt with mechanically while the morning paper is read or the tasks for the day reviewed, and others attack it with distaste as the symbol of the start of another period of work required to obtain the money to buy, among other things, more food.

In his book "Movable Feasts", Arnold Palmer blamed the methodical habits of the Victorians for pushing dinner back into the evening and turning breakfast into "the rather grumpy, monosyllabic . . . gathering with which we usher in the day." We may blame this, too, on the Victorians, but unless we decide primitive serenity is to be preferred to a high standard of indigestion there is little we can do but look forward to a gloomy succession of morning meals.

This Waiting Period

WE HAVE been noticing with increasing irritation the frequency with which the word "interregnum" is used to describe the period between the presidential election in the United States and the swearing-in of Eisenhower as president. Interregnum is a fulsome, bloated word, but it appears so often these days one would think it a must in any discussion of what is going on in the United States.

It is a union of two Latin words meaning between and rule, and the dictionary defines it as "the time a throne is vacant between the death or abdication of a king and the accession of his successor; any period during which the executive branch of a government is for any cause suspended or interrupted." Mr. Truman is still president of the United States, and probably would write some very nasty letters to the people who use "interregnum" if he thought about it; and the executive branch is still doing its work, after a fashion.

Fowler, in his "Modern English Usage", uses the word as an example of pedantic humor, with a snarl that "now and then even an able writer will go on believing that the incongruity between simple things to be said and out-of-the-way words to say them in has a perennial charm."

We're hoping that at least one writer will harden himself against the dubious charm of "interregnum" and be content with something a little more earthy, like "waiting period."

Letter from Montreal

by Hugh MacLennan

MONTREAL this winter is the color of a gray and white cat. It is furry like a cat, too, thick with snow-dusted trees and vegetation along the undulating flank and haunches of Mount Royal. Its factories hum and its traffic often snarls and the crowds along the sidewalks are thicker than fleas trying to escape extinction. Everyone is in a hurry, but less from exuberance than because it is a long-standing tradition in Montreal to be late for everything except hockey games. We blame our tardiness on overcrowded trams, on motorists who persist in their Gallic right to be individuals, on the fact that nearly everyone is working too hard. Certainly there has never been so much lettuce to be picked or more Montrealers busy gathering it.

Montreal is noisy this winter from the sound of riveting machines and pneumatic drills. The skeleton of the General Hospital rises higher every week on the side of the mountain, narrow old streets in the business section are being widened and fine Georgian houses are being torn down in order to make more room for more people to work and make money in modern structures of glass and steel. The sonorous clang of bells from seminaries, church steeples, monasteries and convents is no longer the characteristic sound of Ville Marie. If it isn't the incessant chatter of a riveting machine it's the high whine of the Sabre jets, a good many of them on their way overseas.

When the wind is from the south Montreal smells strongly of smoke and gas and poisonous fumes. No matter which way the wind blows the city smells of incinerators, as apartment houses grow not by streets but by developments that cover areas. It also smells of packing houses and distilleries and fresh snow and children who live in families too large for the size of their bathrooms. But it smells, too, of *café espresso* and Swiss pastry and Italian leather and Danish cheese . . . all brought to us by the new Montrealers who were Europeans only a few years ago.

THE REST of Canada still thinks of Montreal as a bi-racial city, but this description fits it no longer. Not two tongues now, with the muted Gaelic noticed occasionally to give a suggestion of three, but a prism of languages and liquid word-sounds can be heard wherever people gather together to warm themselves at the international fire of music or ballet. What language are they speaking in the seats behind us, at the next table, on the street corner waiting for a bus? What exotic tongue colors the accent of the girl who sells earrings and wants only to please, of the man who mends watches, of the woman who bakes delicious cakes, of the violinist who announces the name of his encore, of the girl who is engaged to a man who works for CBC?

No one is watched from behind lace curtains in Montreal or made to feel a stranger and an upstart. This has become the city of the displaced Europeans, too, for they have found it and made it so. They have been accepted and healed by Montreal's willingness to let them be themselves and they return the gesture with love. So it is not the foreigners who draw together in Montreal for familiar warmth in a strange land. It is more likely to be the English families of the once-impregnable Square Mile who are beginning to feel isolated and torn up by the roots, and their reaction as a group has been to count their blessings and try to preserve what they can.

PERHAPS that is why we are so little politically-minded here. If politicians can make us laugh they will hold our attention and win enough of our votes to stay in office. The goings-on in Washington always seem more amusing than anything that happens in Ottawa, until horses are said to have been put on payrolls and Commons shapes up for a fight. But about the administration of our city we are vague. It is a deplorable fact that at the average civic election less than 25 per cent of the eligible voters bother to go to the polls. When a civic committee was appointed to study the way Montreal is being run, the English dailies put the news on page three. On the other hand, the vice probe (300-odd witnesses, some of them very odd indeed), which delighted all newspapers readers when it began in the local courts two years ago, has given us no new laughs for a long time, and now that it is nearly over who knows, or even cares, what its ultimate findings will be?

So long as Camillien remains with us, all is well. We can curse the tramways and deplore the smoke, get caught in traffic jams and slip on the ice, but who would think of blaming any of it on the administration so long as city hall is spelled Houde?

It must be a fine relief to the Europeans in our midst, this disinterest we show in our local politics. Throughout the rest of Canada our sense of humor is no doubt called by other names.

Yet without Montreal, Canada would have no city which could take its place with the great conglomerate hives of the world. It is significant that most of us, in time, come to think of ourselves as Montrealers first, Canadians second, and as Montrealers a considerable portion of our spirit is closer to that of Londoners, Parisians, New Yorkers and even the Cantonese than to that of Haligonians, Vancou-

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Taking Stock

From time to time, most investors like to take stock—to calculate the market value of their holdings, check on the current yields their dividends represent, and compare present values with original costs.

Frequently such surveys give an early warning of hidden weaknesses in investment policy or point out valuable opportunities for the betterment of portfolios.

There is no better time to take a good look at your investments than the start of a new year. If you will send a list of your holdings to any of our offices, we shall be pleased to evaluate them as of the beginning of 1953 and to enter the values in a convenient "Investment Record" for your use. No obligation is involved.

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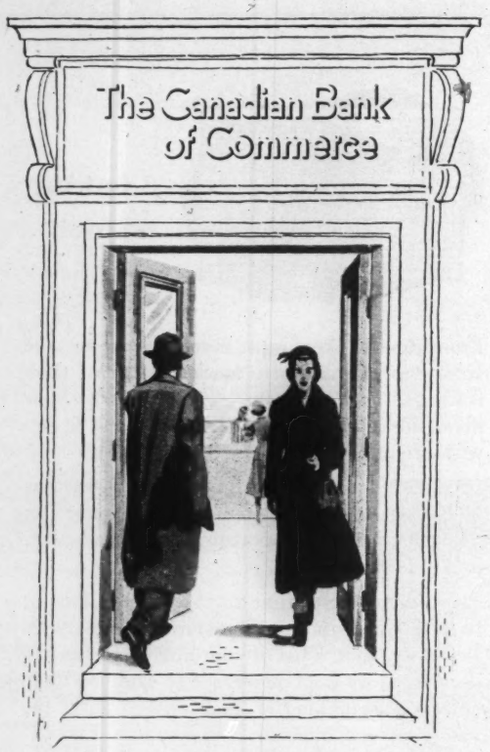

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verites and the citizens of Saskatoon.

This is not a matter for the rest of Canada to deplore, however, for Montreal has become the gateway through which new and enriching ideas from the rest of the world are making their way into the life of the country. Toronto has a better equipment in the way of theatres and galleries and what is known as public spirit. Ottawa plays host to more visiting statesmen. But Montreal, more than anywhere else in the country, is the place where the dreams and plans of both new and old worlds mingle and try themselves and mate with the refreshing will of the Europeans to bring us the distillation of cultures with more color and texture than our own.

That is why the attitude which seems to have inspired the Massey Report wins scant favor here. An editorial in the December issue of *The Montrealer* comments upon the report, in part, like this: "Until recently those who have expressed support for the philosophy which inspired the Massey Report on our Canadian culture, and what ought to be done to support and foster it, have aroused our intense anger. This has been due in part to a conviction that a protectionist policy cannot be successfully applied to thought; this made us impatient with efforts to apply one. It was due in the second place to a feeling that those who wished to erect a mental curtain along the American border, in addition to being somewhat fatuous zealots, were really inspired by reactionary impulses."

In these lines Montreal speaks. Here we have no fear of competition; we welcome it as a challenge. Montreal is not satisfied with a "little Canadian" culture. It is full of confidence that our own native work will soon be pouring into the mainstream of the culture of the world. How could we think otherwise in a city like this? Week after week we give and attend parties which turn into evenings of talk and growing ideas, and at all of them are men and women from every other part of Canada, as well as from Scotland or Vienna, London, Oxford, Boston, New York or Prague. Nobody feels out of place, nobody is a stranger in Montreal, and the talk is seldom turned on the subject of how much better it is some place else.

Ottawa Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

is there that we can do about it? There is nothing to be done'."

Mr. Hollis would like to see a great deal of preliminary spadework entrusted to committees operating on the Dutch model.

Another great consumer of time at Ottawa is the discussion of estimates. There is a legend that in some bygone golden age Parliament exercized strict control over governmental expenditures but it is a fairy story. Both in the British and Canadian Parliaments the Crown's requests for "supply" have all too often been used not as an opportunity for examining the financial proposals and methods of the Government, but as a chance to press for the redress of grievances often quite irrelevant to the vote asked for. As a result the discussions of the estimates are often chaotic and futile.

The obvious remedy for this waste of time would be to follow the British example and establish a special committee on estimates, which would be empowered to examine the estimates and suggest economies. Another reform which Lord Eustace Perry advocates is to fix the length of each session and to make specific allocations of the time available to different matters.

At intervals our Governments have made abortive gestures for the reform of parliamentary procedure at Ottawa, but it was left to Mr. Gaspard Fauteux, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1945 to 1949, to make a genuine move for its improvement. By his instructions Mr. Arthur Beauchesne, the Clerk of the House of Commons, went to London and made an exhaustive investigation of the procedure now followed in the British Parliament. And the very experienced hand of Mr. Beauchesne is clearly visible in the long report upon parliamentary procedure, which Mr. Fauteux submitted to Parliament on December 5, 1947. A detailed survey of its conclusions and recommendations must be reserved for a later letter; it will now suffice to say that it made a number of very valuable suggestions for the elimination of waste of time and the expedition of Parliament's business. But, apart from some changes in the daily time table of the House of Commons, the ruling powers at Ottawa have treated it as so much waste paper and this treatment of it is not to their credit.

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Publisher's Prescription for Doctors

by Stuart Keate

DEAR DOCTOR:
Working with doctors, and writing about them, is an experience that every journalist should at one time or another undergo — like mumps or scarlet fever. Medical reporting calls for new approaches and novel techniques. The basic equipment consists of a mastery of a few simple words and phrases, and the ability to reduce medical gobbledegook to simple English.

Let me give you an example of what I mean, from the renowned British medical journal, *Lancet*.

"To perform a certain emergency operation the operator should lie in the Trendelenburg position, use an E.N.T. surgeon's head-lamp and the blade of any handy kitchen knife. Said blade must be manoeuvred like a leucotomy knife. The impulse to reach for a lithotrite or cranioclast must be sternly resisted. A small magnet may safely be used to remove small ferruginous bodies which so often precipitate an acute retention."

This, egad, is a doctor's description of the proper method of extracting coins from his youngster's piggy bank!

The most important adjective in a medical writer's lexicon is "dramatic." All recoveries are *dramatic*. And then there are the phrases: "doctors warned" and "guarded optimism." Mastery of these simple fundamentals establishes a man as an expert in what we have come to call the "Yes, but . . . ." school of reporting.

Under this system, you resolve everything nicely, and at the same time baffle your readers by saying: "This is wonderful but don't have anything to do with it."

Let me illustrate with a hypothetical story, which may appear in your favorite magazine any day now:

"Last week *dramatic* news emanated from peaceful Eyebrow, Sask. The Smith brothers, renowned Canadian endocrinologists, (no kin to the coughdrop tycoons), reported *dramatic* relief for the nation's number one killer, heart disease, in experiments with Vitamin E. A patient who had been bed-ridden for six months, and hovering near death, on receipt of one wheat-germ muffin containing Vitamin E, leaped from his bed and did a samba with his nurse. Although 6,000 cases have been tested and completely cured, doctors expressed only *guarded optimism*, warned that Vitamin E could not be accepted—until it was written up in the A.M.A. Journal."

FOR YEARS, newspapermen and the medical profession have been at arm's length on the question of medical publicity, caught between the intense interest of the public in the functions of the human body, and the fear of doctors that any communication with the press will be regarded by their fellows as a breach of ethics.

The handicaps faced by the press in any such relationship were illuminated half a century ago by Sir William Osler when he wrote:

"Believe nothing that you see in the newspapers — they have done more to create dissatisfaction than all other agencies. If you see anything in them that you know is true, begin to doubt it at once."

It is only in recent years that doctors have taken off their rubber gloves and gauze masks in talking to the press. And this change of heart has resulted, I feel sure, from realization of the fact that we have something to offer each other — that we can work together towards a common goal, which is the health and happiness of our respective communities.

Surgery, as you know, started in a barber-shop; it has come a long way since then. It is a recognized and honored profession. Journalism started in an attic and it has come along more slowly. It is a *nouveau riche* among the arts, not quite accepted as a profession. Those charged with the direction of Canadian daily newspapers think it's high time it should be — that we made it so.

If the correct definition of "profession" is a declaration of a willingness to serve, then ours, like medicine, is a profession. Few of us enter on it with the hope of getting rich. In the slogan of one Canadian daily, our aim is "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

AS YOU know better than any other class of society, there is an incomparable sweetness, beyond all hope of material reward, in service to one's fellow man. A newspaper may hold its head high when it campaigns for slum clearance, defeats a demagogue, fights an iniquitous law, exposes corruption, or helps the police crack a vicious drug ring. All these functions, it seems to me, are complementary to the healing practice of medicine. Your tools are sterilized instruments, employed in antiseptic, million-dollar hospitals; we start with nothing but a typewriter and a piece of paper, and (we hope) an understanding of the function of the human heart and head.

Each of us deals with the stuff and drama of life; we are privy to a great many confidences. But I often think that the lack of rapprochement between doctors and the press stems from the simple fact that medical men underestimate the vast and compelling interest of the public in their work.

I venture to say that there are a dozen good stories a day, in every hospital in Canada, which with proper handling would make arresting news in our papers. And I am equally sure that a cure for polio, for instance, would force the news of every war in the world off the page-one headlines. Many of these day-to-day events, based on scientific research and entirely legitimate; stories which would reflect resounding credit on the medical profession, are missed because we have not yet learned to communicate with one another.

In recent years, there has been a growing feeling that the doctor is growing too far away from his patient. The beloved old GP, who was guide, philosopher and friend—the man who entered your home as a friend without knocking, and stayed for a bowl of soup; the man who proposed the toast to the bride at the wedding—seems to be *in extremis* today, as a public figure. The intimate doctor-patient relationship, we are told, is being destroyed by specialization.

I discussed this phenomenon with a doctor friend recently and he readily conceded it to be true. "We're too busy trying to keep pace to be out at the house, holding the prospective widow's hand," he said. "Chances are, the doctor today is down at the hospital enlisting new techniques in an effort to save the man's life."

Another put it this way: "Doctors have never been under the public microscope as they are today. We have been accused of growing too commercial and too worldly. Some of us have. But doctors are people, too. They are caught up in the inflationary spiral the same as business-men are. They are paying higher wages, higher rents and higher taxes.

"They are working in a world of extreme tension and unrest. And this uncertainty extends to their own profession, which threatens to degenerate into a bureaucratic state service. Not all the belly-aches in a doctor's office are confined to the waiting-room."

Now if this is a valid argument—and it sounds reasonable to me—the public should be told.

The question then becomes: can a doctor tell his story without violating the basic principles of good ethics?

The answer is, "Yes—if he does so through the proper channels". It is gratifying to newsmen to note the growing cooperation between physicians and the press.

The Canadian Medical Association has recently engaged a public-relations firm. Almost *any* step in this direction is welcomed by the press; but if this means issuance of a series of dehydrated statements, little more than ponderous propaganda, I would doubt its value. Each day we receive bales of such literature from various pressure groups and axe-grinders throughout the country; most of it goes directly into the wastepaper basket.

I would much rather see a system whereby the doctors and newsmen could sit down around a table once a month or so, on a basis of mutual understanding and respect, and thrash out their problems. It's really not much of a trick. All that's required is good faith on both sides. The newsman who breaks faith can't stay long in business, and if he does, I would say you're entitled to banish him to the isolation ward until he's cured.

THIS MUST be worked out, however, on a joint basis; doctors may edit copy for fact, but NOT for opinion, inference, or style. At the recent BC medical convention in our city, doctors met and decided that all their meetings and deliberations would be open to the press. This was regarded by the press as frontpage news, and was so treated. Today, the BC medical association has a committee on public relations, consisting of eight members, each of whom is available to the press at all times for inquiry and information. BC doctors have instituted a weekly radio program in which they discuss matters of public interest—epidemics, polio, drug addiction, juvenile delinquency, and so on.

While there are encouraging signs of progress in this regard in Canada, we are still lagging quite a way behind the United States, where many State and County societies have adopted a Code of Co-operation, setting forth a workable policy on medical news which would satisfy both sides.

The Colorado State Medical Society's Code, which has set the pattern for many other states, creates a system of official spokesmen for each county society—usually the president, secretary and publicity chairman.

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THIS ARTICLE *is a digest of an address on medical public relations that the writer gave recently to doctors in Alberta and British Columbia. Mr. Keate is publisher of* The Victoria Daily Times.

—All photos, NFB

SEARCHLIGHTS bathe this street-slaying scene in a bright glare. The mobile lab supplies the power for them.

ON THE SPOT

Montreal's Mobile Crime Laboratory

Photos by Chris Lund

Story by Len Marquis

IN THE FIGHT against crime today's big-city detective force supplements gruelling legwork and patience with the latest advances in modern science. But time is an all-important factor in whether the results of scientific probing can figure in the capture of a quick-get-away artist. To meet this challenge, Montreal has designed and built a complete scientific laboratory on wheels that can be brought to the scene of a crime within minutes of its discovery.

The big two-tone green science wagon, operated by the Detective Department's Identification Bureau, serves the various squads within the force as it is needed. Within its streamlined van it carries $15,000 worth of equipment of 35 different types, running the gamut from ultra-violet lamps to a battery of walkie-talkies. Some of the equipment tucked away in its compact interior: a diving suit for recovering objects from watery hiding places; a portable tape-writer for record-

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STOLEN safe is recovered from the chill Montreal harbor waters by diver wearing apparatus carried by the lab as part of its standard equipment.

NEGATIVE developed in the lab's darkroom by police photographer Henri Thibodeau, left, will save time, as the print can be classified immediately.

FOOTPRINT moulage near abandoned stolen car is dusted for examination by Det.-Sgt. Armand Morin of the Identification Bureau, which operates lab.

Rowell-Sirois Report—the Successful "Failure"

The Commission's findings didn't stand up to the harsh light of practical politics, but many of their ideas have been effected

by Wilfrid Eggleston

WHATEVER became of the Rowell-Sirois Report? Was it ever implemented? Or was it another of those costly Royal Commission inquiries which gave rise to L. W. Brockington's quip that "the Mackenzie King government is making up for its sins of omission by sins of commission"?

The fifteen most revolutionary and eventful years in Canadian history have sped by since it began its hearings in Winnipeg. Was it wrecked by the war, outmoded by events, buried by Korea? It may be worth while resurrecting for a few minutes its basic philosophy and its major recommendations, to see how far it has become incorporated into Canadian life and thought.

No report ever had a more mixed reception. John Bracken called it "this outstanding contribution to our national life—a bench-mark to which we shall always return." "Mitch" Hepburn was less complimentary. To him it was "a costly $500,000 report—the product of the minds of three professors and a Winnipeg newspaperman, none of whom had any government administrative experience." The presence of J. W. Dafoe on the Commission seemed to rankle with "Mitch", who urged, on the same occasion:

"Let us set aside this Sirois Report, the product of the minds of a few college professors and a Winnipeg newspaperman who has had his knife into Ontario ever since he was able to write editorial articles appearing in this newspaper."

It remained, however, for the *Gospel Witness* of Toronto, in its June 26, 1941, issue, to out-Herod Herod in damning the Report:

"There never was a more wicked proposal made to any people than that contained in that Report. We said at the time, and repeat it, it was a scheme to mortgage the entire Dominion in the interests of the Roman Catholic Church."

Excited by such language, readers turning to the text of the Report are likely to feel a let-down. Its wickedness seems to be buried under sober and judicial language.

Few will need to be reminded of the circumstances which drove the Federal Government to set it up. The burden of provincial debt and taxation, brought about by mass unemployment on a vast scale, joined with unprecedented agricultural distress on the prairies, indicated that the Federal financial structure, set up in 1867, had finally failed.

THE COMMISSION was asked to investigate it and make recommendations.

After two years of travel, of numerous hearings, of widespread and penetrating studies, the Commission attacked the problem in a simple and logical fashion (too logical, probably, as it seems looking back).

There are, the Commission said, great burdens of government which can only be carried by the national administration. Unemployment relief and farm distress are the chief ones. Let us give them to Ottawa to carry.

There are, it continued, sources of revenue which only the national government can levy equitably and efficiently. Let them be levied by Ottawa.

The provinces, through no fault of their own, have accumulated heavy debts throughout the depression years. Let them be assumed by the Dominion Government, which can carry them more cheaply than the provinces.

Then, after this reshuffling, let us consider the position in which each of the provinces will find itself.

Let us calculate what its budgetary status will be on two assumptions: first, that it provides for its citizens an average level of services, and that it levies upon its citizens an average burden of taxes.

If such calculations leave any province with an annual deficit, let that sum be paid over to it by a National Grants Commission, a permanent body linked with no party or government.

Let such annual grants be supplemented by emergency grants if any province runs into rough weather.

Now on the face of it this seems like a very workmanlike formula, fair to all. On the face of it every province should enjoy perpetual security against deficits. If it wanted to enjoy higher-than-average services, such as better education, it would be free to do so by levying higher-than-average taxes on its residents. If it preferred lower-than-average taxes and less elaborate services, it could have that also.

THE PROPOSAL was based on very extensive study. Also it was fashioned after the Australian experience, where states grants of the same nature were being calculated and paid.

There was one awkward feature, at least. When the arithmetic was over, the annual grants to the provinces looked like this:

Prince Edward Island	$ 750,000
Nova Scotia	800,000
New Brunswick	1,500,000
Quebec	8,000,000
Manitoba	2,100,000
Saskatchewan	1,750,000
Ontario	none
Alberta	none
British Columbia	none

The last three provinces, it was calculated, could provide their citizens (after transfer of the heavy burdens cited above) with average level of services with no more than average levels of taxation.

Was it only an accident that the three provincial premiers most vociferous in their denunciation of the Report were the Premiers of Ontario, Alberta and BC?

The Rowell-Sirois Report was ill-starred, ill-timed. It pursued its inquiries in the sombre and darkening climate of a world skidding inexorably toward a chaos of world destruction. It was presented to the Ottawa Government, by grim irony, on the very day that Hitler began battering at the feeble walls of the Low Countries and the grotesquely over-rated and out-flanked Maginot Line. Federal financial reform had to be pushed aside impatiently while Canada feverishly mobilized for total war.

Nevertheless, formally tested by a Dominion-Provincial Conference on January 14, 1941, the Rowell-Sirois Report lasted, as practical politics, about an hour. By the time Premier "Mitch" Hepburn, the second speaker, had resumed his seat, the Report was as dead as a door nail, much deader than Marley's ghost.

It was never again revived, and to that extent it may be written off as a costly failure in federation diagnosis.

And yet, as Minister of Justice Ernest Lapointe said, in pronouncing the obsequies of the Rowell-Sirois Report on the following day, "The report may be discarded today. It will not be killed because you cannot kill ideas. Ideas have the peculiarity of growing up and developing and spreading, and some day, if there is any value in them, they are accepted."

Ernest Lapointe did not long outlive those words, but his prophecy had life and fulfilment. It was true. Some of the causes which led to the appointment of the Commission persisted and indeed intensified. The basic philosophy of the Report has been vindicated. The formula drawn up by the Commissioners lacked political wisdom, perhaps, and was never again attempted. Some of the recommendations of the report have not yet been implemented, but will be; others have not been heard of again, and probably are out of the realm of practical politics forever.

The Rowell-Sirois Report said that there were national burdens which provinces could not carry. Happily, mass unemployment and widespread farm distress have not returned. It is a safe bet that if and when they do, Ottawa will largely assume them.

The Rowell-Sirois Report said that certain taxes were national in character, and only the Ottawa Government could in equity and in efficiency collect them. This was still true even if they were collected nationally and the proceeds distributed on a fair basis among the provinces. For nine of the ten provinces this arrangement is now in effect. Personal and Corporation tax in nine provinces is now collected by Ottawa, and annual "rental" payments made to those provinces for the agreement to stay out of those fields.

EVEN IN Quebec, so far, the only personal income tax is that collected by Ottawa.

Provincial debts have not been assumed by the national government, as the Rowell-Sirois commission recommended. But the wartime tax agreements, the present "rental" agreements, and the widespread buoyancy of revenues stimulated first by the war and then by postwar activity have made such assumption unnecessary.

The Rowell-Sirois Report sought to ensure the solvency of the provinces. They have been given machinery by which they can preserve their solvency, though the approach is different from that proposed in the report.

The Rowell-Sirois Report contemplated a day when all Canadians, no matter where they lived, might enjoy at least a minimum standard of services and of a minimum scale of living. The introduction of unemployment insurance, family allowances, universal old age pensions, and the redistribution of tax revenues through the "rental" agreements, have gone far to provide such minimum standards.

Finally, the classic research job done by the Rowell-Sirois Commission provided the foundation on which all subsequent studies and reforms have been built.

The Report, perhaps, is dead. But its ideas live on.

They Followed the Winds to America

A marine biologist speculates on the continent's discovery and trials of currents and weather the first sailors faced

by N. J. Berrill

THE TRADE WINDS blow steadily across the waist of the Atlantic ocean from the bulge of Africa to northern Brazil, forever driving the North Equatorial current from the African Bight westward into the Caribbean. The water which piles up, both there and in the Mexican Gulf, streams out through the Strait of Florida as the Gulf Stream, follows along the eastern edge of the American continent, and then, aided by the swing of the revolving earth and blown by the prevailing westerlies, drifts across to Europe as the West Wind Drift, to warm those lands and make them fit for human occupation. At the centre of this enormous circuit of winds and currents lies the Sargasso Sea, a slowly turning eddy a thousand miles across, with masses of Sargasso weed gathering towards its middle.

The southern route across the Atlantic, from Africa to Brazil, has been a one-way street for ships of sail. The northern route, against the West Wind Drift, has always been a hazard, with storms and winds from almost every quarter, while the great North Atlantic heart is an ocean desert of fitful winds of no use whatever to a sailor. This is the setting that seamen throughout the ages have found themselves contending with.

The earliest Atlantic crossing of which we have any certainty has only recently come to light. A treasure trove dug up on the shore of Venezuela tells a tragic story. It is a hoard of several hundred Roman coins of every Emperor from Augustus down to the middle of the fourth century. Their nature and condition indicate that they constituted a trader's ready cash, not carried on a voyage of discovery but on a ship blown involuntarily across the ocean by the trade winds from the east, with no chance of returning home. This was 1,100 years before Columbus. And when Columbus in his turn came to make the voyage, it was the same trade winds that caused his men to verge on mutiny—they could not see any possibility of getting back against the ever-following wind. Moreover they were right, and if Columbus had not had the nerve, or foresight, or just blind luck to sail home on a northeast course until he had the westerlies behind him, no one would have known what fate had befallen him.

THE northern route to America was discovered step by step, not as a grand sweep from continent to continent. And the earliest voyages, more or less legendary, were made not by the Norsemen, but by the Irish. During the centuries of Western Christendom, the centres of western European civilization were Celtic, and the most adventurous explorers of the time were Irish monks. There is a legend of a voyage from Ireland to the Azores and far beyond to another land as early as 535 A.D. Thirty years or so later, St. Brendan sailed from western Ireland to the east coast of Greenland, north to Jan Mayen Island, and then to Iceland on his return. Irish monks were again in Iceland in 795 A.D., still more than fifty years before the Norsemen began to visit the island. After that, Iceland becomes entirely Norse, except for the presence of Irish slaves, with Norsemen soon using it as a base for exploring and settling Greenland. Then one more step, and in 986 A.D. Bjarni Herjulfsson was blown to the west and south by storms, to sight Cape Cod, NS, and Newfoundland, before finding his way to Greenland, paving the way for Lief Ericson to make his more deliberate voyage to the western continent a century later on.

It seems that the Norsemen hold the glory of discovery — except for something that makes us pause. There is a Norse story that says that in the year 983 A.D., three years before Bjarni Herjulfsson sighted the American continent, an Icelandic chieftain, one Ari Marson, was driven by storms to that coast and was there baptized. Who baptized him if not some Irish monks already there?

GREENLAND next becomes the vantage point, and the following centuries saw frequent voyages west to Labrador and south to Long Island Sound. The westerly winds are by-passed by keeping as far as possible to the north of them, and then following down the continental coast. The last of the return journeys was by a ship that reached Iceland in 1347, having come from Greenland and before that from Markland (or Nova Scotia). Yet there are records of that period of Norsemen in North America that are unmistakable. One of these is the old stone tower or mill at Newport, Rhode Island. Frederick Pohl, in his book "The Lost Discovery", has analyzed the measurements of this peculiar building which is known to have been standing before the Pilgrims landed. Its architectural style is that of thirteenth or fourteenth century Scandinavian and it seems that Norsemen must have built it. When its dimensions are broken down into either metres or English feet, fantastic numbers are obtained that no sane builders would ever have used. But when the longer Norse foot, or better still the long Norse fathom, is employed as a yardstick, the various dimensions all come out in simple sensible numbers. The Norsemen were there, and elsewhere. Their trouble was that they were too soon. They had the Indians to contend with but they had no guns.

The other relic is the stone in Minnesota with its inscription in Norse runic that eight Swedes and twenty-two Norwegians had found their way to the spot from Vinland (Cape Cod) in the year 1362. The writing describes a coastwise sea journey which seems to have been northeastward along the Atlantic coast and westward through Hudson Strait into Hudson Bay; then up the Nelson River, through Lake Winnipeg and the Red River into Minnesota, a thousand miles from salt water. The runic writing indicates a speech worked out in common between Swedes and Norwegians, and it is now believed that the men were part of the Paul Knutsen expedition sent out in 1354 by Magnus Erikson, King of Norway and Sweden, to search for the lost settlers from Greenland.

THIS is the last of Norsemen, but less than thirty years later, in 1391, a century before Columbus, a full fledged expedition sailed clear across the Atlantic without any actual stopovers at Iceland or Greenland. It is a remarkable story, and is one that includes highborn Venetians as well as Henry Sinclair, the first Prince of Orkney. Henry ruled over the Shetland Islands, the Faeroes and Caithness, as well as the Orkneys, and he was on hand when Nicolo Zeno, a trader from Venice, was wrecked on one of the Faeroes in 1390. Henry had wanted to go exploring to the west, but he lacked the newer knowledge both of navigation and of military armament. In Nicolo Zeno he found them both, for Nicolo not only knew how to use the new-fangled maritime compass—actually little more than a magnetized needle floated in a basin of water—but also how to build cannon and a bomb ketch. Nicolo sent for his brother Antonio and together with Sinclair and his men they set out across the Atlantic on a voyage that took them not only to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia but also along the east coast of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Nothing very much came of it, and in fact the narrative and map the Zeno brothers took home with them to Venice remained in the family attic for more than a century and a half, before they were finally published. By that time Columbus had come and gone, the map seemed too queer to be true, and for several centuries the whole story was discredited. The islands and coastlines were completely off the mark; and it is only recently the map has been shown to be valid. And with the map established, the narrative also comes into its own. The trouble lay with the compass. It worked all right, but no compass is reliable in high latitudes in the western part of the Atlantic, and the magnetic deviation was as great as 45 degrees. When corrections for this are made, the Zeno map straightens out and the Zenos' journey is now accepted at its face value. Where they landed in Nova Scotia is not so certain, but they describe a smoking hill a few days travel from the coast, where pitch could be found. Since open pitch deposits are found only in Venezuela, Trinidad, Los Angeles, and Stellarton, Nova Scotia, in the western hemisphere, the clue was obvious. So Pohl followed the trail from Stellarton and believes he has found the Zeno turning point at the little settlement of Asphalt in Nova Scotia.

There is one other mystery that has intrigued me for some time. When

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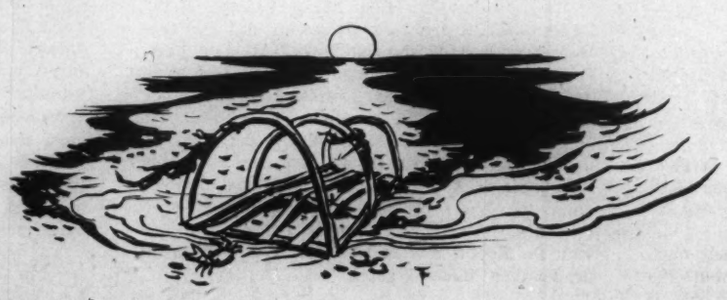

THE WRITER *is an eminent Canadian marine biologist, a professor at McGill University and author of the recently published "Journey into Wonder" (Dodd, Mead & Co.).*

HOME FOR HEADLINERS

Ottawa Has Rebirth of Vaudeville

by Paul A. Gardner

—Photos by Capital Press Service

TIZOUNE *(l.)*, Claire de Val and Guy Robert, Tizoune's straight man in one of their most popular sketches. Robert and de Val flirt with each other until Tizoune the exasperated husband shoots Robert—for reneging.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, on the stage of the Capitol Theatre, the famous Singer Midgets clowned the swansong of vaudeville in Ottawa. Knocked out by the talkie-singie-dancies, it took a count of two decades.

Now, on the stage of the 1,000-seat Français, between the Rideau Street department stores and "Lowertown," it flourishes again, since early in November.

Oddly enough, its revival coincides with the Canadian spread of television, rated as dread a potential menace to the movies as *they* were to vaudeville in the early thirties. And its focal figure is a radio-and-TV performer, who has to take Tuesday nights off to go and broadcast in Montreal before an audience of 500.

This is the renowned Tizoune, for years Montreal's most popular vaudeville-and-night-club comedian. He now boasts a son, Tizoune Jr., who is the comedian at East St. Catherine Street's Théâtre Canadien. They look so remarkably alike, and Tizoune père holds his 57 years so well, that an Ottawa man phoned him recently after catching the show, and said, "I used to see your father . . ."

Tizoune was born Oliver Guimond in a Quebec hamlet 40 miles north of Pembroke, Ont. He's a bright-eyed character comic who sports a flat-lying cap like the late Lloyd Hamilton's and exudes somewhat the same mixture of incredible naiveté and conscious slyness, but always with a feather-light touch. This is spiced with an ingratiating Gallic charm that lets him get away with out-of-character laughs, winks and asides to the audience, and with such occasional song lines as: "I've been married forty years of my life. Takes more than a feather to tickle my wife!"

The concluding sketch of his opening show in Ottawa had the audience as close to rolling in the aisles as this oldtime vaudeville fan has ever seen them. He had just inherited a million, it said there, and promptly phoned a matrimonial agency to send him over a wife. She duly arrived, but resigned on learning that the "million" consisted entirely of sausages.

It was all in French except the "bride's" speeches. She was Alma Mia, the non-bilingual half of a Montreal-born song-and-dance team. Out of the mutual misunderstandings Tizoune—who writes all his material and stages the hour-long revuette—fashioned a hilarious mosaic of inoffensive double-entendre, a genre which is his long suit. Most of his regular performance is still in French, but two days a week now the entire show is in English. Even before this innovation, though, about 20 per cent of the audiences were English-speaking, enjoying the pantomime despite their sketchy or non-existent French. A travelling staff writer for the *London News Chronicle* who attended with this writer found Touzoune's performance "delightful."

Tizoune and his "straight man," moon-faced Guy Robert, a night-club "MC" who stayed nine months at Montreal's Caprice and has appeared at New York's Bal Tabarin, are semi-permanent fixtures. The enchanting brunette chanteuse Claire de Val, a Polydor recording artist, remains for the first two months, but the other acts now change weekly. They include jugglers, acrobats and other standard vaudeville turns. The first four weeks featured Miss Mia and Ronny Dallaire, who have appeared together all over the continent, from Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver down to Mexico, and last spring were crowned King and Queen of the Sugar Festival of Vermont and New York State. Miss Mia, who says she's the only lady clown in Canada, spends her December daytime entertaining children, with Mr. Dallaire accompanying her as Santa Claus. By night they're now appearing at Montreal's Astor Café.

LONG engagements are nothing new to Tizoune, who was held for 24 weeks at Casa Loma and 36 at the Blue Sky, Montreal night spots. He also toured the United States for three years as the only Canadian in a big revue, and appeared at a benefit in Miami, for a Jewish charity, with Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Georgie Price and the late Al Jolson. He has been heard in England over the BBC, from Montreal.

He took an all-Canadian show to Detroit in 1926, when there were thousands of French-speaking workers in the auto industry, on a two-week contract which cost him $2,200 in outlay to fulfil. But it was extended to 13 months at a large increase, and ended then only because the immigration department refused a further extension. The company was advertised as "direct from the Folies Bergère in Paris," the Palace doormen and ushers were garbed as gendarmes, the interior was resplendent with French flags, and every performance (four a day, five on Saturdays and Sunday) was opened with "La Marseillaise." The management took an entire page in French in one of the Detroit dailies to advertise the show.

After 22 weeks three American vaudeville acts were added to the 100-minute Canadian revue,

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CLAIRE DE VAL is a Polydor recording artist who sings and acts in the sketches at the Français.

TIZOUNE and wife were once billed as "Tizoune and Effie". She now travels with him as assistant.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY

If Indo-China Yields

by Rawle Knox

Singapore.

IF Indo-China yields, the Far East falls. Though the battles may be bloodier in Korea, the strategic importance of that peninsula is small compared to that of this encircling mass of land from which Japan in 1941-42 advanced almost painlessly up to the Indian frontier. In the Communists' war of inspiration and infiltration the conquest of Indo-China would mean at least as much to them as it did to Japan. In this critical hour the French are creating more Communists in Indo-China than they can kill, and their policy is tacitly supported by the United States and Britain.

The situation is very different from that on the other two big Asian battle-fronts—Korea and Malaya. In Korea the United Nations are containing plain Communist military aggression, recognized as such in origin by so unswerving a neutral as Mr. Nehru; none can doubt the moral validity of resistance. In Malaya a handful of Communists, without the backing of the populace, are disrupting the progress of the entire country; while many Malayans would like to see the British go, more would wish them to defeat Communism first.

Indo-China fits neither of these patterns. What began in 1946 as a colonial campaign, with France smarting from the humiliations of a disastrous world war and determined at least to assert herself in Indo-China, has gained in the eyes of the outside world through a fortuitous march of events the status of a crusade for freedom. To the Vietnamese in whose name the battle is being fought it has no such sanction.

A HIGH VIETNAM Government official summed up the common sentiment: "If the only choice is between the French and the Communists, it will have to be the Communists."

Many, many Frenchmen in Indo-China, especially in the Army, realize the false position in which France now finds herself being enthusiastically sustained by the United States and Britain. These men repeatedly ask that United Nations troops should join them in the Indo-China field in order to shake off the ugly colonial appearance of this war. There is small chance of such aid arriving. For this the least important reason is Peking's warning to Delhi that an extension of United Nations action in Indo-China would definitely bring in active Chinese intervention.

RAWLE KNOX, *South East Asia correspondent of the London* Observer, *is the son of the famous* Punch *editor, "Evoe."*

There are two far more solid obstacles. The first is the desire of French high policy-making officials to keep Indo-China as a restrictedly French preserve—not, perhaps, as a colony, but as an export market for French ideas and products. The second is the awareness of the United States Administration that Congress would not permit the use of American troops on another Asian front at this time. Thus, the United States and Britain, highly conscious of the extent to which French Union forces in Indo-China are aiding their own struggle in Korea and Malaya, applaud France uncritically, ever fearful that the touchy Assembly in Paris will suddenly decide to call home its men.

—Wide World

VIETNAMESE reinforcements are landed at a forward airstrip in Indo-China.

The material support of the United States has been prodigious. Non-military economic aid (including work on harbors and airfields) is being given to Indo-China at the rate of about $100 million a year, while military aid runs around $300 million a year, or about two and a half times the total Vietnam Government defence expenditure.

Vietnamese themselves are neither capable nor particularly willing to pay for this protracted war. A reduction of the Defence Tax, which now ranges according to income from $3 to $150 per head per annum, is now under discussion. Only 35 per cent of Vietnam Government expenditure is paid for by Vietnamese; the rest is provided by France, who also in 1952 poured over half her 839 billion franc Defence Budget into the Indo-China war.

In such circumstances the independence of Vietnam is a mockery, and it is not surprising that the 1949 accord with France is drafted in terms more suitable to a time payment agreement than to an international treaty. The French are supreme realists, and the best of the French administrators I have met in Indo-China do not believe that a "Third Force" of Vietnamese democracy can be created against Communism because they cannot see the stamina and experience in Vietnam to make democracy work. In this view, frankly, they are encouraged by the behavior of many Vietnamese politicians, who have not the background of struggle and service of, for instance, the Indian Congress Party, which they so much admire.

Having written off the Vietnamese as a democratic prospect, the French proceeded with the next best thing: the creation of a Vietnamese Army, now some 50,000 strong, to replace French forces in the field. But it is an army without spirit, despite its many brave defensive actions. In a tour of the South Tonkin Delta I asked over a dozen Vietnamese Army officers individually and in different places whether, if the French should withdraw troops, they would rather continue to fight or try to negotiate with Ho Chi-minh. In every instance the answer was immediate and similar: "Negotiate."

The most serious criticism of the French, and also of the somewhat apathetic Bao Dai, is the failure to

—Poinier in The Detroit News

A CALL FOR THE FIRE DEPT.

show up Ho Chi-minh as a villain. Everywhere in Tonkin you will hear him described as a Nationalist first, Communist second. One of his ex-secretaries shrewdly quoted to me a Ho Chi-minh comment on French Communists: "They are very useful to me now, but if they ever came to power I'd have to fight them, for they would be Frenchmen first."

Far too many Vietnamese sincerely believe that it is possible to negotiate successfully with Viet-Minh. ["In France the Communists are the largest party, but the Government remains democratic. Why not in Vietnam?"] In the light of postwar experience with the Communists and of Ho Chi-minh's now deep indebtedness to Peking, this can only be nonsense. But the only way to prove it so is to allow the Vietnam Government to try to negotiate with Ho Chi-minh and experience the same desperation as the United Nations at Panmunjom.

ONLY VIETNAMESE disillusion will dispel the halo round Ho Chi-minh's head. And there can be no disillusion while the Vietnamese are forbidden to listen to the Viet-Minh radio and thrive on rumors of Ho Chi-minh's victories. But before this there is much to be done. There is the need of a National Assembly in which the uncensored voice of Vietnam can be heard and where Vietnamese of the north and the south can begin to create the unity which is now lacking.

There is the need to strengthen, rather than weaken, the ties between Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. There is the need for France to realize that though she has now nominally conceded to Vietnam as much as Ho Chi-minh demanded in 1946, she is marching several paces behind history which, since then, has seen the complete independence of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Indonesia. From here it is perfectly clear that the French objective, with the inevitable if embarrassed American and British support, is to hold defensive lines in Tonkin against the hopelessly anticipated advent of World War III. This is the kind of aim which leads us directly to World War III. For behind those lines all hope of peace and freedom is withering away.

FROM PARIS *The Observer* reports a "forthright" article by the senior diplomatic correspondent of the newspaper *Figaro*, M. Roger Massip, who is known to be closely

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PRICES & PRODUCTION

Farmers' Year

Nature co-operated with agricultural revolution to achieve largest grain crop in the history of the nation

by John Irwin

THE SUCCESSFUL harvesting of an enormous wheat crop approaching 700 million bushels, the biggest in Canadian history, has made 1952 a grain year to be remembered. Growers had the satisfaction of safely garnering not one, but two crops in the year and, in addition to setting a record for quantity, spot checks by the Board of Grain Commissioners, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics *Bulletin,* reveal the grain to be "of high quality insofar as grade is concerned".

Nature has been bountiful. The unusually lengthy period of favorable weather in the spring of 1952 made possible the harvesting of a very large part of the grain which had been left standing in the fields on the Prairies the previous fall owing to the unexpected early onset of winter, and the 1951 crop at 552 million bushels proved only 27 million less than the September 1951 (pre-frost) estimate. Practically ideal weather conditions prevailed throughout the year, through the seeding, growing and harvesting periods. This resulted in the magnificent crop which at the current estimate of 688 million bushels, exceeds by 121 million bushels the previous record set up in 1928. The Saskatchewan crop alone at 435 million bushels exceeds by 50 millions the 1941-50 average for the whole of Canada.

The long temperate fall permitted the grain to be moved from the fields to the elevators and the late freeze-up enabled ships to carry record cargoes. This, in turn, has reduced the problem of winter storage at Prairie and lakehead granaries.

APART from nature, whose caprices have long influenced Canadian agriculture, the magnificent achievement of 1952 can perhaps be attributed to what Mr. H. L. Enman of the Bank of Nova Scotia, in his annual statement to shareholders, called "a veritable revolution that has taken place in the agricultural industry and which has received little attention because it has been gradual. A revolution partly the result of increasing mechanization and partly the effect of better methods and organization."

Enman emphasized one solid, heartening fact. In 1951 there were barely three-quarters as many people working in agriculture as there were in 1935-1939; yet the smaller force produced more than half again as much as did the larger number of workers in the earlier period. With the 1952 all-time high the current comparison will even be more favorable.

There are other facts. Farms are fewer in number, but a far greater acreage has been brought under cultivation. Mechanization has played and will continue to play the major role in the industry.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce *Commercial Letter* points out the basic considerations which have been conducive to mechanization: the general advance in technology, the shortage of farm labor and the comparatively high wage rates; a high level of farm income which secured a satisfactory return on the capital investment involved; the rapid progress in rural electrification and more ample supplies of petroleum products, particularly in the prairie provinces; widespread areas in which the terrain lent itself to mechanized equipment; and the existence of a long-established and enterprising domestic farm machinery industry.

Relative price movements also have favored the farmer. The increase in machinery prices and decline in farm prices in 1952 have narrowed the margin, but in view of the abundant crops the farmers' ability to buy equipment does not seem to be impaired.

THE *Commercial Letter* says the increased prosperity and buying power of the farming community is to a substantial degree the result of increased productivity that has accompanied mechanization. At the same time the substitution of the tractor and electric power for horse-drawn or hand manipulated implements has tended to raise the general calibre of farm operators. The higher capital requirements have the effect of hastening the exodus of the marginal operator to other kinds of employment, while the improved living and working conditions tend to hold the more enterprising workers on the land, and, directly or indirectly, to further raise farm wages.

Census data reveals a remarkable consolidation of farms into larger holdings, made possible, and perhaps necessary, by greater mechanization; and the increase in the total cultivated area, despite a decline in farm employment.

Over ten million more acres of land have been brought under the plough but farms have declined by more than 50,000, or nearly 8 per cent. As the result of these two factors there has been an increase of nearly 34 acres to give approximately 258 acres as the average size of farm holdings. Many of the marginal operators of the 1920's and 1930's have been absorbed into larger units.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics the labor force in agriculture on August 16 last year was 1,010,000 as against 1,069,000 on the same date the previous year. The seasonal "low" was on March 1 last year when 832,000 farm workers had jobs.

The Bank of Montreal *Review* believes the output of agricultural products (not only grain), while following typical diverse trends, has in general been more than adequate to meet demands and a broad decline of farm prices during 1952 has underlined the role of agricultural price support.

Farmers received two per cent less cash from the sale of farm products and from grain adjustment and participation payments on the previous year's crops in the first nine months of 1952 than in the corresponding period of 1951. Returns from the sale of field crops were well above those of 1951, but other receipts (livestock, poultry, eggs) were sharply lower and grain participation and adjustment payments were smaller.

Cash income is estimated by the Bureau of Statistics at $1,840 million, only slightly less than the $1,876 million received in the corresponding period in 1951. Included in the 1951 figure, however, were adjustment payments made by the Wheat Board in the total amount of $184 million, whereas the 1952 figure included only $64 million of such payments. Actual sales of wheat and other grains gave the farmers nearly $110 million more and the last quarter of 1952 has probably seen enlarged receipts both from the better grades and the record bushelage of the harvest as well as final participation payments for the 1951-52 crops. Taken as a whole, farm cash income for 1952 is probably close to the record set in 1951.

AVERAGE prices received for agricultural products at the farm, which remained stable throughout 1948, 1949 and 1950, rose by nearly 15 per cent during the first seven months of 1951 but have since declined to the 1950 level. On the other hand, prices paid by farmers for goods and services they buy have risen slightly since mid-1951, suggesting that, even if the gross income of the agricultural community in 1952 should approximate that of 1951, net income may be somewhat lower.

It is perhaps noteworthy that the current decline of farm prices is taking place in a setting quite different to that which had prevailed during pre-war periods of similar prices trends. The vagaries of nature cannot be prevented, but their ill effects for the farmer are being limited by a number of official programs for the support of agricultural prices. It is perhaps not generally realized that governmental policy at present underwrites, by way of initial payments or floor prices, the prices

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

THE WORLD TODAY

A New Era for NATO

by Willson Woodside

NO REAL DECISIONS were taken, or could be taken, at the recent Council meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Paris. As one correspondent said, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Lovett, the representatives of the outgoing U.S. Administration, "were, of course, present, but appeared somehow to be ghosts when it came to argument." "The forty-two ministers," he went on, "have the air of a school-leaving group who have agreed to meet five years later, and now cannot imagine why they thought such a meeting would be worthwhile."

The public saw in the Paris discussions only a let-down in the objectives of NATO, the same sort of thing which has given a kind of pre-1939 feeling to these past many months, as the Western world floundered without leadership, and nations which had been learning slowly to be partners in a new cooperative order seemed to be turning back to the old animosities and the old ostrich habits.

Actually, NATO has probably come to the end of an era. The debate which could not be decided in Paris for lack of an authoritative American voice was on "the military risks in not rearming as fast as originally planned, as against the economic dangers of rearming as fast as the military minds consider necessary."

AND within this debate was another, which is only beginning, between the Ridgway concept of ready divisions and aircraft which could make an effective defence of Western Europe tomorrow, and the view put forward by Lord Ismay and apparently backed by Churchill that the measurement of NATO strength wholly by numbers of divisions and aircraft is misleading; more attention should be given to making the most of new weapons and techniques, and thus exploiting our technical superiority over the enemy.

These debates will be taken up with full vigor, we may be sure, when a new NATO Council meeting is called by its former military servant, now its undisputed political leader, General Eisenhower. It is evident that not only because there is a new administration in Washington, and not only because of new military factors, but because NATO's problems are ever broadening and seeping steadily into the economic and political fields, that there is a need to review the whole situation and make a fresh start.

It won't do to go on merely comparing the present status with that projected at the almost too fruitful Lisbon Conference. (Actually, the Lisbon goals in active divisions, aircraft, airfields and communications to be available to General Ridgway by the end of 1952 have been achieved. It is the 1953-54 goals which have been trimmed back heavily.)

It is the economic difficulties of the NATO partners which are presently the most clamant. Clearly the time has come when the alliance, or community, must be put on a sound economic basis, for a longer pull. The days of plugging each hole as it develops with U.S. dollar grants are over. The Congress won't give it any more, and the Europeans don't want it that way.

As a government-industry group has just reported to the U.S. Secretary of Commerce, "indefinite dependence on aid destroys self-respect, impairs the real strength of the recipient economy, and has a capacity to destroy friendly relations between the giver and the recipient." All "give-away" programs and agencies should be closed down, this committee recommends, and the economic strengthening of NATO sought through increased trade, improved productivity in Europe, and the placing by the U.S. of so-called "off-shore procurement" orders for arms and other material in Europe.

Reinforcing this is British Chancellor R. A. Butler's cry for "trade, not aid", and the strong recommendation to the same end made by William Draper, the chief American representative on the NATO Council. His deputy, Frederich Anderson, warned bluntly at the time of the Moscow Party Conference that the Soviet leaders know as well as we do that we have not yet built new economic relationships within the Atlantic Community and the rest of the free world that are self-sustaining and business-like. And now even the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers has come out for freer trade.

The new Soviet line which Stalin presented to the Party Congress, and with which Eisenhower dealt at length in his speech to the Al Smith Dinner in October, makes attention to the economic side of NATO all the more urgent. Frederich Anderson sums up this line succinctly. The Soviet leaders, he says, are operating on three basic assumptions: 1) The Soviet Union is better able than we are to play a waiting game, because it is more economically sufficient; 2) The Atlantic allies are economically unable to stand a long period of strenuous alert; 3) They will scramble and fall out among themselves over raw materials and markets, with Britain and France breaking away, and Japan and Germany increasingly menacing the trade of the others.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE NEW PILOT: WILL HE STEER A COURSE TOWARDS UNION?

What is Eisenhower's own attitude towards strengthening Atlantic cooperation along economic and political lines? In July 1951 he came out very strongly in a speech in London for European Federation. "Any soldier contemplating this problem would be moved to say that it cannot be attacked successfully by slow infiltration, but only by direct and decisive assault with all available means. The project faces the deadly danger of procrastination, timid measures, slow steps and cautious stages. Granted that the bars of tradition and habit are numerous and stout, the greatest bars to this as to any human enterprise lie in the minds of men themselves."

HE PRESSED HARD for the rest of his term as supreme commander for the realization of the European Defence Community, the Schuman Plan and European Federation. But by the time he wrote his report of April 1952, he was putting European Union into an Atlantic framework. As Clarence Streit points out in the December *Freedom and Union,* Eisenhower by this time was openly talking of "union" in the Atlantic as being the key to peace, and of the "notoriously inefficient" character of "coalitions" such as NATO.

During the presidential campaign, on October 21 in New York, Eisenhower said he would "call on the best minds of our nation to sit down with political and economic leaders of our closest allies" to "take a new look", and "help build a new economic alliance with a long-term consistent program, instead of emergency relief and isolated, piecemeal action." Ike is also quoted by Streit as believing that "if we got effective political union in the Atlantic, we would cut our defence costs in half."

The new president will not be at cross purposes with his Secretary of State if he pursues such a policy. John Foster Dulles was one of the chief sponsors of the Atlantic Union Resolution in the Senate, during his appointive term there in 1949, and made it part of his platform when he later ran unsuccessfully for the seat. One of the first messages Dulles sent out after his selection as Secretary of State was to the conference of the Atlantic Union movement in Buffalo, in November.

STREIT says he has known Dulles well since 1939, that Dulles has been deeply interested since then and has a thorough grasp of the whole Atlantic Union idea. "He realizes as few others do the importance history will attach to the creation of this Union."

Support of the strongest kind for an Atlantic Union has now come from the historian Arnold Toynbee. Writing with all the prestige gained by his monumental survey of the history of civilization, he says in the November *Look* that federation of the free nations is "the next step in history." Toynbee sees the West as manning a kind of "Hadrian's Wall" against the Communist threat for many years to come, and sees it "spending about three-quarters of its energies and wasting perhaps half of its potential economic resources in desperately struggling to keep up internal barriers that have become not only useless but perilous." Union of the 40-odd sovereignties of the Western world he considers "inevitable", whether it come by consent or by force.

For the first difficult step towards a union by consent, Toynbee makes

a most interesting suggestion, and that is that the parliamentary committees of the NATO countries should meet together, the committees on foreign affairs, on defence, on finance, on trade and so forth.

The legislatures of the Western states could instruct these committees "to meet regularly in common session in order to consider, discuss and recommend a common Western policy, a common Western system of defence, and common ways and means for financing these common Western services." A "growing point" for a democratic Western community could thus bring itself into being step by step. He suggests that the whole tradition and spirit of Western institutions would lead the committee members to vote as individuals and not *en bloc* as nationals of a certain country.

CANADA, which was in the forefront in proposing the Atlantic Alliance, has also been first to put itself on record as favoring the development of a broader community.

Our Government put forward the second article of the North Atlantic Treaty, which stresses its non-military purposes. And our Senate passed, in June 1950, with a single dissenting vote, a resolution calling for a convention of delegates from the democracies which sponsored the North Atlantic Treaty, for the purpose of exploring how far they wished to go towards federal union.

The Government Leader in the Senate, Wishart Robertson, reminded the upper house of this the other day, and went further in suggesting that West Germany be admitted to NATO; that the NATO members merge *all* of their armed forces, instead of only about half, as at present; that they work towards the goal of free trade, over a ten-year period; develop a single foreign policy; and forge "some new constitutional instrument" to insure proper civilian control of the armed forces and their gigantic annual expenditure.

The Government, when challenged in the Commons on this statement by a cabinet member in the Senate, denied that he was expressing Government policy. Nevertheless, it is hard to believe that Prime Minister St. Laurent or External Affairs Minister Pearson, with their record in this matter and their oft-expressed convictions, will lag behind if Eisenhower leads the way.

TRUE, Mr. Pearson made it plain last fall in replying to Alistair Stewart's resolution in the Commons backing up the Senate's call for a Convention to discuss Atlantic Union that he did not consider this immediately practicable policy.

But it was Pearson who, at Hamilton in April 1950, called for "a great cooperative economic commonwealth of the Western world — which one day may become a political commonwealth.

"You may say that this is unrealistic nonsense, but I suggest that *in this jet-propelled, atomic age no plan less than this will be adequate; no vision less than this will do.*"

LONDON LETTER

Socialists Smoke Pipe of Peace

by P. O'D.

AT A MEETING in London the National Executive of the Socialist Party has been tackling the twofold task of stopping the bitter wrangling that has been threatening to split the Party, and of drawing up the "framework and substance" of a new policy statement. Official enthusiasm for the success of the meeting has, of course, been fully expressed. But just how successful it really has been, the public will be able to judge only when it sees how well the boys appear to get on together, and especially when the new program is presented to the Party next spring. The meeting of the Executive was conducted under conditions of the strictest secrecy. If a fight, it was a very private one.

How difficult was the task before the National Executive can be appreciated when it is recalled that at the annual meeting of the Party last autumn orders were given to the Executive to draw up a five-year program of legislation, with a list of "the key industries to be taken into public ownership" during that period.

SINCE THEN Mr. Harold Wilson for the Bevanites has been announcing to the world his and probably their list of the industries to come under State ownership. Since then also a number of powerful union-leaders of the more moderate type have been warning their followers of the vital need for a lot of careful thinking about nationalization before the Party commits itself to further adventures in that direction.

If the National Executive has been able to bridge over these wide divergences of view, it will certainly have accomplished a remarkable feat of political engineering. Even a swinging rope bridge across such a chasm would be quite an achievement. But this bridge has to be high, wide, and stable, if it is to bear the immense traffic for which it is intended.

WHAT most people regard as a very reasonable solution has been given to the vexed question of televising the Coronation ceremony—vexed because it had so swiftly and unreasonably been made a matter of class-distinction. The toffs could sit in their robes of crimson velvet and ermine or their morning-coats, and watch the whole thing from start to finish, while the poor proletarians gathered around their television-sets had their view of it cut off at the Choir Screen, with all the really important parts of the ceremonial conducted beyond it. Chums, you're bein' hinsulted!

Now, with the permission of Her Majesty, the televising of the ceremony is to be extended, so that viewers will see the Recognition, the Crowning, and the Homage, though not the more strictly religious parts of the ceremonial such as the Anointing, the Communion Prayers, and the Administration of the Sacrament.

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Ottawa Vaudeville

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

and one show a day was eliminated, but Tizoune et Cie. retained top billing. The long run brought in the late, famous Abe Erlanger of Klaw and Erlanger, who in addition to his "legit" theatre chain owned a burlesque house in Chicago. He offered to buy the show and present it there, on condition that Tizoune's pretty red-headed Scottish wife (née Effie Macdonald), then appearing with him, do a striptease.

When Tizoune indignantly refused, Erlanger calmly bought the Detroit Palace and they appeared under his aegis for the rest of the 13 months—during which Tizoune one day received an extra $1,000 bill by mistake in the week's pay for the show. He staggered Erlanger's Detroit representative by returning it, whereupon to his dismay the theatre manager was fired for making the error.

His present revue format opens with a back-chat number in which he make an appearance, to great applause, a moment after M. Robert and a performer from one of the "acts" doubling as an added foil have engaged in some background laying. After Tizoune has threatened, cajoled and doubletalked himself out of some embarrassing predicament or other, the electrician blacks out the setting of high gold curtains with warm red armchairs, tables and scarlet-shaded lamps. Then M. Robert introduces the charming Mlle. de Val, who does two songs—usually a real *chanson* and then a French version of "Begin the Beguine" or one of her recorded numbers like "Tes Beaux Yeux Bleus" ("Beautiful, Beautiful Blue Eyes").

Follows a sketch, perhaps with Tizoune as a husband playing bridge with his wife (Mlle. de Val) and M. Robert, who makes passes at his hostess until the husband finally shoots him. His wife is overjoyed at this touching evidence of his devotion, until he explains that he shot his partner simply because he reneged. Blackout. This simple plot is embellished with witty dialogue so that it runs a good five minutes.

Then Mia and Dallaire, or whoever is current, do a number and an encore; then Tizoune strolls out, this time sporting a bright green fedora above the same oversize but neatly pressed light grey checked suit he wore before. He sings a couple of patter songs, adroitly mixing French and English for maximum amusement, to such sombre tunes as "Guilty" or such lively old ones as "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'."

After another vaudeville turn, there's a longer sketch, again centring round Tizoune, like the one in which a pathetic waif (Mlle. de Val, transformed) pleads in vain for help from scoffing passersby. Finally Tizoune passes and, taking pity on her, eloquently moves their stony hearts to generous contributions—to which he is always on the point of adding from his own purse. Finally someone asks who he is, and with astonished innocence he replies, "Je suis son père."

THE man his fellow Ottawans have to thank for bringing back vaudeville is Robert E. Maynard. He came home a year or so ago and bought the Français, after selling his interest in Montreal's Seville Theatre, where he had helped B. A. Garson revive "vaudfilm" in a theatre long showing only movies. That had been true of the 40-year-old Français too since 1922, when it changed from Gilbert and Sullivan repertory to an all-film "grind" policy. The patron still gets, in addition to the hour-long vaudeville, two feature pictures, a comedy and a newsreel—all for 35 cents up to four o'clock and 60 after that, with loge seats slightly higher.

Bob Maynard, who looks too young to have been in show business 22 years, has operated theatres in most parts of Canada for the Famous Players-Canadian and the Bloom and Fine chains. He took quite a risk in this new venture, but calculated on a population of about 300,000 including Hull, in the Ottawa area, a large percentage of it French-speaking.

Opening week there was no matinee, but performances at 7.30 and 10 p.m. First show was always "SRO" but the second drew only half a house, so he changed it to 3 and 8.30, hoping to lure in housewives with the low matinee price. Afternoon business has been building slowly, but the evening trade is so consistently good that Ottawa will probably have vaudeville for some time to come.

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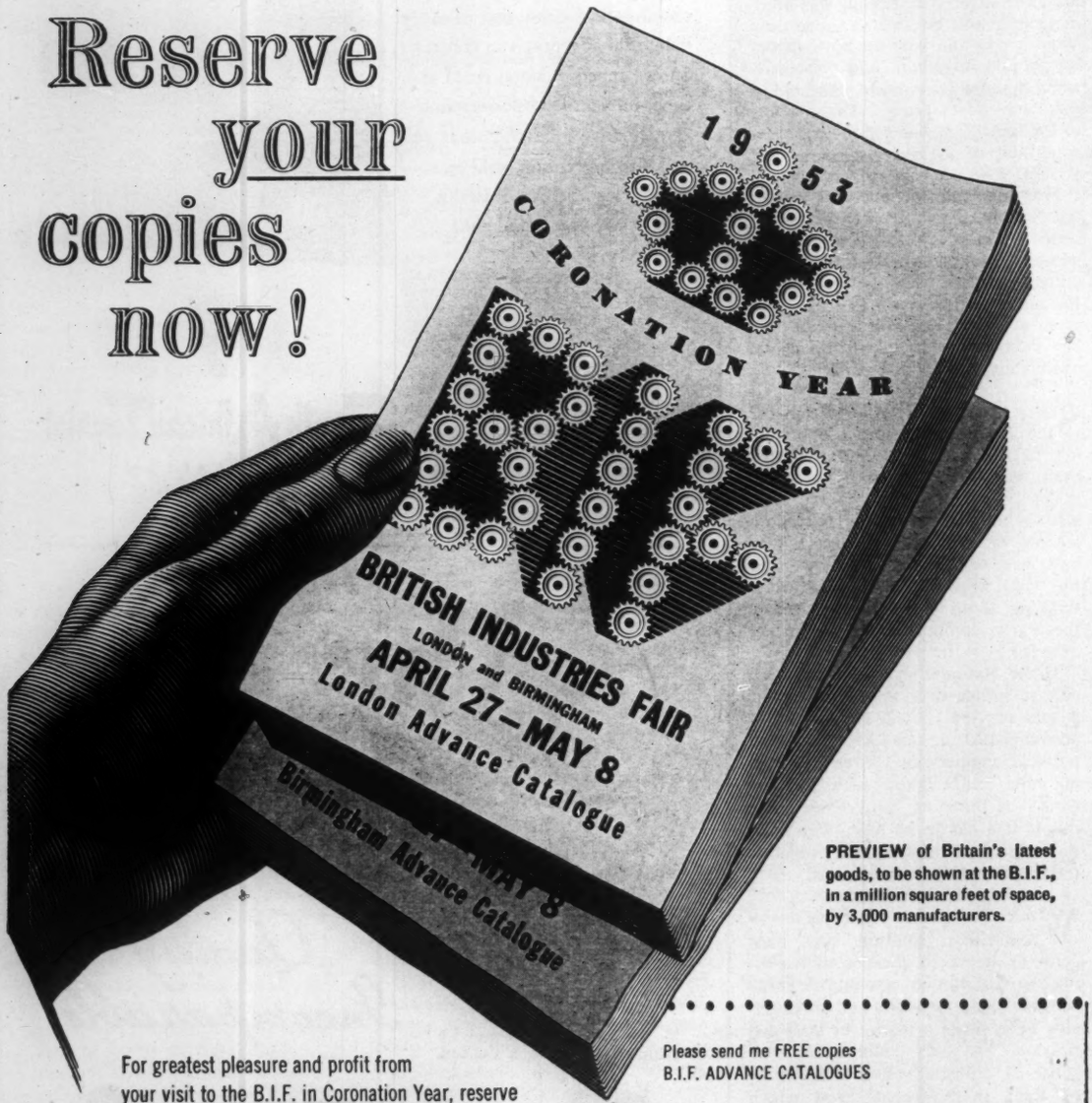

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PORTS OF CALL

New Year Narcissus Festival

by Stewart Fern

THE plumbing may be modern in Hawaii, but there's a lot of the primitive left in Hawaiian culture.

Modern refrigerators freeze coconut into ice cream and make sherbet out of the guavas but no one yet has been able to chill a hula.

Only a few hundred yards from the neon signs of Kalakaua avenue island boys spearfish by torchlight. In the mornings their mothers search the shallows off modern beach parks, gathering seaweed for old-fashioned salad.

In modern living comfort and conveniences, Hawaii is even with New York and Montreal. In the charm of exotic and informal customs she's probably above the American average.

To the dismay of visitors brought up on roast beef and T-bones, dainty island hostesses constantly are proffering platters of raw fish. In oriental kitchens octopus bubbles in the boiling pots and at Hawaiian parties kitchens are abandoned entirely in favor of an outdoor pit for an oven and the ground for table and chairs.

Here the Toronto businessman can spend his entire vacation barefooted and not draw a second glance. Here the Vancouver housewife can learn a torrid dance to the volcano goddess and no one raises an eyebrow.

Whether on Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai or Hawaii islands, vacationers can spend hours listening to stories of kahunas and their magic, both good and black. They can take back to their sewing clubs descriptions of the giant who sleeps in the mountains of Kauai and reports of the ghosts who march in Nuuanu valley near Honolulu.

ONLY THOSE born in the islands can see the menehunes, the Polynesian little people, but visitors are shown countless examples of their work—fishponds built in a single night, trails of stone blocks leading through the tropic jungles.

Eventually the visitor generally finds himself caught up in the spirit of half-joke, half-sentiment. He tosses an offering for the fiery goddess Pele into her fuming firepit at Kilauea crater. He defiantly plucks her sacred flower, the lehua blossom, to see if it causes rain as the guides predict. And finally, when a cruise ship pulls away from Diamond Head, departing visitors by the dozens toss their flower leis overboard. If the necklaces float to shore, they're told, it means the traveler will return.

It's strictly a modern legend, but neither vacationers nor islanders much care. Like the rest of the tales and customs, it's fun and that's what counts in Hawaii.

There's special fun Chinese-style in February. Then Hawaii visitors can wish each other "Kung hee fat choy" and toast in another new year. What they'll be doing is exchanging wishes for a happy new year and a long life, Chinese fashion, and helping Hawaii's oriental population start a new year according to the lunar calendar.

THE CHINESE in the islands go in for new year celebrations in a big way, with an annual Narcissus festival. The 1953 celebration opens February 8 in Honolulu and continues through February 15. New Year's day itself is February 13.

With the first prize of a trip to Hong Kong and Manila (and a second prize of a TV set!) as incentive to look their prettiest, island girls of Chinese ancestry have begun entering the festival queen contest. Dancers are checking the seams of the cloth dragon body they rush so vigorously through the street at festival time and shining up the oversized masks they wear.

In island nurseries Chinese florists are worrying over prize flowers, trying to control blossoming time to coincide with festival floral displays. Visitors to Chinatown during the celebration will see strange foods and fancy pastries, made for the season.

Society matrons and their lithe young daughters model classic and 20th century Chinese gowns and robes at a festival fashion show, and visitors meet both men and women of the Chinese community at a public tea.

All Hawaii's many races attend festival events anywhere in the islands. At the two dramatic productions scheduled for the 1953 Narcissus festival visitors will see Hawaiians, Filipinos, Japanese, Puerto Ricans, Portuguese and fascinating mixtures thereof in the audience, as well as Chinese and caucasians. Both stage shows will be a new theater experience to most vacationers. One is modern, the other classical. Both will be colorful and probably noisy, traditional characteristics of oriental plays and revues.

Climax of the festival is a mandarin banquet, a nine-course affair that features exotic broths, spiced vegetables and a parade of glamorously seasoned meats. What with wanting to try everything and taking time out to ask oriental tablemates for recipes, it takes the average vacationer about two hours to eat a Chinese feast—more, if he gets in the spirit of things and attempts chopsticks.

HAWAII'S FAMOUS LANDMARK, DIAMOND HEAD, ABOVE WAIKIKI

—Photos courtesy Hawaii Visitors Bureau

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Farmers' Year

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

received by the farmers for wheat, oats, barley, cattle, hogs, butter, cheese and eggs and that these products accounted for about 80 per cent of all Canadian farmers' cash incomes in 1951.

Unlike the situation in the United States, the net budgetary cost of farm price support in this country has been very small. The net losses incurred by the Canadian Agricultural Prices Support Board during the five years since it began operations in 1946 amounted to less than $10 millions. But with the prices of farm products becoming softer, the cost of farm price support could conceivably be a more important item in the foreseeable future than it has in the past.

However, it would seem that the purchasing power of the agricultural community as a whole does not seem likely to be impaired in the immediate future, through fairly marked disparity in regional trends might develop.

There is fairly general agreement that the position of the farmer relative to other economic groups is likely to improve over the long term with the demand for food, particularly grain, becoming more urgent under pressure of world population.

In other words the continuing prosperity of Canadian farmers is pegged to world trade. For 1953 there are encouraging signs in this department. The North Atlantic Treaty nations have given explicit recognition to the interdependence of their trade and military objectives. In this development lies the hope for an answer to the old problem of how to make the great demands of the underdeveloped countries—for food particularly— effective demands. The stake Canadian farmers have in progressive projects like the Colombo plan is no less than that of any other economic group in the country.

CONVERTIBLE WHEAT?

Bumper Crop & Dollar Gap

by John L. Marston

AN INTERNATIONAL economic dilemma is at present focussed on wheat. Canada has a huge crop and almost a correspondingly large export surplus; but Canada is a dollar country. Australia is planning to increase her production; and Australia is a sterling country. But there are plans afoot to make sterling convertible with dollars; and in a convertible economy the hard distinction between dollar and sterling wheat would go.

The United Kingdom Government is discussing with agricultural and trading interests the best means of returning the grain trade (at present in the hands of the Ministry of Food) to private enterprise; and implicit in the plan to free grain is the right, effective as soon as possible, to buy grain wherever it is cheapest. As if this situation were not confusing enough, no one knows the fate of the International Wheat Agreement in 1953.

On the question of wheat production in the sterling area, the Commonwealth economic conference was unequivocal: it was definitely decided that more wheat should be grown in the sterling area—meaning primarily Australia—to economize expenditure of dollars.

Whether the problems of the sterling area in general and of Australia in particular would have been much easier in the past few years if Australia had maintained her acreage at the highest postwar levels is a matter of historical interest. What matters now is whether Australia or Canada is to be regarded as the British Commonwealth's main source of wheat.

The essential fact is that most of the world's surplus wheat is in the dollar area. A notable point is that, despite the huge American crop, U.S. exports of wheat have slumped heavily, by nearly two-thirds compared with last season so far, and the whole season's total is expected to be roughly a third less than last season's total. Canadian shipments have increased this season, but it is evident that the North American total will show the effect of the world's shortage of dollars, not the effect of bumper harvests.

Another reason for the decline of demand for dollar wheat is the growth of home-grown supplies in the importing countries. At present any reduction of demand tends to affect mainly dollar wheat, but if currency obstructions were removed it would affect non-dollar wheat also.

Right now, the principle of the price mechanism is in abeyance in the wheat trade. United States output is inflated by price-supports. Australian output is deflated by the artificially low internal price. Consumption in Britain (where bread and flour were rationed for only a brief period) is inflated by a subsidy which keeps bread and flour artificially cheap. While the International Wheat Agreement has been in force the international price relevant to most of the main exporters and importers has been in effect fixed—at its upper limit; which has still been appreciably lower than the free international price.

But true freedom of trade in wheat, more than in most other goods, requires that restrictions be removed not only from buying and selling the commodity but also from exchanging one currency for another. It may appear at first sight that the Commonwealth conference was at cross-purposes with itself in deciding that more wheat should be produced in the sterling area and in confirming at the same time that convertibility of sterling into dollars was a permanent objective. Yet it may be necessary to prepare to economize expenditure of dollars if convertibility is to be permitted without grave risk.

U.S. BUSINESS

High Tariff Hubert

by R. L. Hoadley

ONE OF THE toughest (and perhaps the bitterest) battles in the new Congress will be over the tariff question. The battle lines are being formed even now. The low-tariff men have rallied around the slogan "Trade, not Aid". The other side said little at first but now have shown their hand.

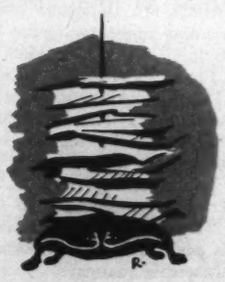
The Member of Congress whose protectionist version of the reciprocal-trade agreements program ultimately became law has given notice that he will demand even tighter restrictions against lowering U.S. tariffs when the program comes up for renewal in 1953. Hubert B. Scudder, Republican Congressman from California, will press for two key changes in the law. He will ask that an upward adjustment be mandatory if the Tariff Commission finds a threat to domestic producers from imports under the "escape clause" in the present reciprocal-trade law. At present the President has the right to overrule a Commission finding and President Truman has done so several times.

In the case of proposed new reductions in U.S. tariffs under the trade agreements, the Commission would continue to investigate possible damage to domestic industry from the proposed reductions. But if the Commission found possible injury, then the findings would have to be made public and Congress would have to pass on the changes in tariffs. Today the Commission's findings go only to the interested Government agencies and are kept secret.

Rep. Scudder, of course, is interested mainly in California wines which have met considerable competition from importers. He is urging the wine people to appeal for an "escape clause" hearing under the present law but complains that there is no guaranty that such an appeal would result in higher tariffs even if a finding of injury is made by the Commission. Scudder pushed the "escape clause" enacted in 1951 and it was this amendment to the legislation that Canada and other trading nations found so objectionable.

■ A hike in metal tariffs is under study by the domestic mining trade who view with alarm any price weakness in foreign metals. A sliding scale tariff has been proposed in some quarters as a trial balloon to put before Congress.

Most pro-tariff sentiment was stilled when metal prices rose in the post-Korean period. There was only a ripple of protest when tariffs were cut sharply in the Torquay agreements. But with metals once more coming into fairly good supply, the talk of slapping on metal duties is increasing although it is not yet loud enough to command the attention of Congress.



Men and Wood

by James Mercer

CANADA stands third among the countries of the world in forest coverage, with 1,275,000,000 square miles, or over half the country's land area. Harvesting the wood products from these forests and utilizing them in construction and manufacturing is an industry that ranks third in Canada's economy today.

Canadians have long looked to their forests for supplies of timber to feed their saw mills, pulp and paper mills, furniture factories and boat building works, and today these traditional uses have been multiplied a thousandfold by the invention of new techniques in the use of wood products.

In order to bring the widespread use of Canadian woods and wood products to the attention of the buyers and users of Canada's lumber and forest products at home and throughout the world, the Canadian Government has issued an encyclopedic work on the subject. The Federal Department of Resources and Development, through the Forestry Products Laboratories Division, has compiled a comprehensive survey titled, *Canadian Woods, Their Properties and Uses* (Ottawa, The Queen's Printer, 367 pages, Price $3.00). Paper covered reprints of separate chapters may also be obtained at a nominal cost of 25c apiece.

This is an impressive volume, definitely a departure from the average government publication in its size (8½ x 11½ inches) and in the technical aspects of book preparation and presentation. Its contents provide a completely authoritative coverage of its subject matter.

The book is divided into 14 chapters, each one written by a recognized authority, and dealing with such subheadings as The Mechanical and Physical Properties of Wood, Shipping Containers, The Seasoning of Lumber, and many other aspects of the lumber and wood products industry. The introductory chapter is written by J. H. Jenkins, Chief of the Forest Products Laboratories Division, and some of the subsequent chapters are compiled by such well-known wood manufacturing and lumber experts as T. L. McElhanney and J. B. Prince.

The book is a storehouse of information for manufacturers, architects, builders, or anyone else who uses wood or wood products at all. Begin-

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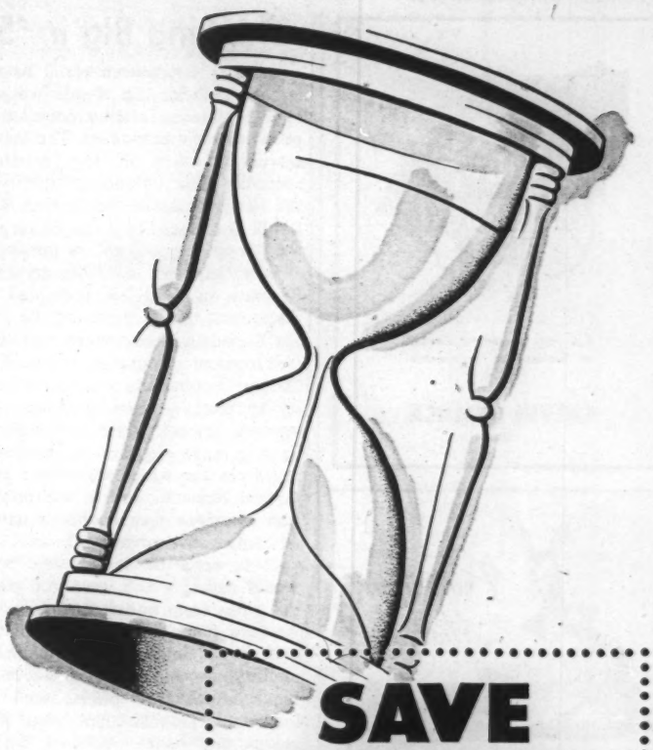

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Directors of the Company have declared Quarterly Dividends payable in 1953 on Class "A" and "B" Shares of the Company as follows: January 29th, Class "A" $1.50; Class "B" 50c; April 29th, Class "A" and "B" 50c each; July 29th, Class "A" and "B" 50c each; Oct. 29th, Class "A" and "B" 50c each; payable to shareholders of record the 8th of each dividend month.

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R. J. Dinning,
President.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 264

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of FEBRUARY 1953, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1952. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 12th December 1952.

Thinking Big in '53

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

learned—albeit the hard way—to have confidence in the productive capacity of their economies. The fear of scarcities, which in fact produced scarcities and inflation-prosperity in the first months of the Korean War, has been replaced by a fear of surplus: the "boom psychology" is missing.

What happens under this condition depends on what has prompted the investment that is financing the present Canadian development. Are these development programs regarded as "booms", connoting a surge of activity to meet a given situation (*e.g.*, wartime prices), or are they regarded as long range programs of developing resources for which there is a good normal demand, and in the production of which Canada has a natural or comparative advantage?

If it were the former, the boom would end if a U.S. recession pulled the props from under wartime prices. Because it's obviously the latter, in our most important developments anyway, we don't have to worry too much about U.S. prices, with one important qualification: our own prices, and hence our own production costs, have to be flexible enough to keep in line with world prices, for it will be a generation or so yet before Canada's population will be large enough to consume enough to support even our present day productive capacity.

THERE MAY BE difficulties in this department. Whether you believe a recession is in the cards or not, you'll have to admit that a levelling-off of defence expenditures will make some adjustments in private business necessary. It will prove difficult for some producers to make these adjustments. During the recent years of inflation-prosperity, most changes in the conditions governing the operations of business concerns have been in the direction of higher and more inflexible costs. Labor is not the only problem in this respect, but it is the most important one.

It's generally believed that, during a business slow-down, the best concession that could be expected would be an agreement to hold the line as far as wages were concerned, and even this is tempered by pre-Korea experience on the labor front. When prices began to level off, at that time, unions had less justification than they had later on for demanding wage increases, but instead of holding the line, they switched to demands for indirect wage increases—specifically, non-contributory pensions.

For the next levelling-off period there is another issue waiting to be hammered out—the guaranteed annual wage. This is a live issue on the labor front, both in Canada and the U.S., and it's one on which labor leaders feel strongly. Walter Reuther, new head of the CIO, has called the guaranteed annual wage "a matter of economic justice to the worker and of economic necessity to the national economies of the United States and Canada."

There will be a lot of talk about this in the coming months. The rights and wrongs of it will be thoroughly thrashed out, but what's of immediate concern to business is the fact that it introduces the threat of another rigidity into costs that are already too high for effective competition on international markets. And Keynesian economics or no Keynesian economics, a population of 14 million—even with its entire labor force on a high guaranteed annual wage—cannot consume enough to keep Canadian industry busy. Costs and prices at home have got to bear a realistic relationship to costs and prices in external markets.

Beyond the matter of price, there are other difficulties, still connected with selling our goods in external markets. There are many products for which Canada is the West's most important source of supply, and these products are nearly all in the "essential" category. Nevertheless, as long as our currency remains one of the scarcest on international money markets we're going to have difficulty selling even the so-called "essentials."

Some warning signs are out now, and there'll be more later in 1953. Studying them doesn't make one a gloomster, nor does it lay one open to the accusation of selling Canada short. It's merely recognition of an inescapable fact of Canadian life: we produce infinitely more than we consume at home, and to keep busy we've got to export. And the first step in approaching that problem is to make the most of our new-found capacity to think big.

INSURANCE

Inventories a Cinch

by Geoffrey L. Pratt

THIS COLUMN recently dealt with the desirability of preparing an inventory of personal belongings for insurance purposes. It virtually becomes a necessity to make one if the aim is to buy a Personal Property Floater policy.

A whale of a lot of bric-a-brac, flimsies, hobby-horses and geegaws—along with all the orthodox stuff—enters into compilation of household insurable values where an old-fashioned family of, say, seven is concerned. The head of the house is likely to approach the "game" of making an inventory in the bathroom—where he will note down "Aspirin, 27c" at the offset and gloomily wonder how long this headache is going to take.

The idea of reviving this "inventory" theme is to emphasize that insurance companies don't ask anyone to list and price all the *minutiae* on bathroom shelves, in Junior's bureau drawers or buried in those locked cupboards back of Pop's basement bar. It is enough for insurance purposes that a policyholder shall have taken into account an estimate embracing all *ordinary* contents of each room.

For example, unless there is a Velasquez or something like that on the wall, a man knows that he has roughly a hundred bucks worth of assorted assets in the bathroom.

Pop's glory hole down cellar is easy, without even looking at it: guns, fishing tackle, golf clubs, the stuffed bass, eight kegs (empty—for seating purposes), two arm chairs, some odds and ends—and, of course (after the other night) almost four quarts. Say $725, all told.

Get the drift? It isn't too difficult to whip up a fairly accurate list of values by jotting down all main money symbols in a room and making a reasonable bulk allowance for the miscellany of this-and-that accumulated there for its devious purposes in the domestic scheme.

It is, of course, an elementary rule for any household bent on inventory that the distaff side shall be required to whack up its own list of apples. Pater can review all the figures (*sic*) and, for once, enjoy the last word over a king's ransom he has expended on a welter of filmy mysteries. He should decisively cut this part of the inventory value in half—before he doubles it again finally.

Doing the job room by room, thus, time passes most pleasantly for any normal family. Soon the task is done, in a few less evenings than expected. The insurance company is tickled to death with this sincere effort: it is an inventory that answers the purpose admirably.

Men & Wood

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

ning with a general review of merchantable Canadian woods, the work proceeds through a detailed description of each wood, with its typical uses. Following this are chapters devoted to the structure of wood, its mechanical and physical properties. An appendix contains tables covering stresses, loads, weight of structural timbers and so forth. These are in addition to the 28 illustrations and 108 half-tone plates.

The introductory chapter should prove useful to the amateur house builders. Here are included explanatory paragraphs on shingles, laths, lumber, veneers and plywood, mouldings, etc, with notes on what to look for and what to avoid. The ten pages given over to "Some terms used in the lumber industry" will give the general reader (and the prospective lumber buyer and builder) easy definitions of lumber industry jargon.

This book has already taken its place in many lumbermen's and wood workers' libraries. It has been well received: *The Timberman*, Portland, Oregon, calls it "An excellent addition to any forest products library." *The Timber Trades Journal*, London, England, notes, "Encyclopedic in scope and content, this book will have almost equal value in countries which are importers and users of Canadian timber as in the Dominion itself." And J. A. Hall, Director, Forest Products Laboratory, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, adds another bouquet: " . . . I am extremely impressed with the amount of work represented . . . a high quality government publication." A. H. J. Lovink, Netherlands Ambassador to Canada, says, "The story of Canada's wood . . . is described in an absorbing and comprehensive manner."

Letters to the Editor

Dr. Scarlett's Perception

THAT Dec. 20 issue article by Dr. Scarlett is the finest ever! I telephoned a half-dozen of our leading intellectuals here about it, for fear they'd missed it in the Christmas rush.

It's splendid, and really, it is hard to find words to do it justice. I intend to write Dr. Scarlett, for giving such a fine expression to the anxieties that beset us. His eloquent and dramatic presentation is bound to arrest and hold attention and remain in memory.

London, Ont. M. RENA CHANDLER

Scott in Brain Teaser

IT IS, I know, ungracious to correct the Crerars whose clever Brain Teasers give so much enjoyment. But was Scott (Walter or D.C.) the author of the "one crowded hour" poem? Are not the lines given in "Old Mortality" a quotation?

St. John's, Nfld. A. G. HATCHER

■ *The Crerars are correct. The phrase belongs to Sir Walter. He also writes, "One hour of life, crowded to the full . . ." in "Heart of the Midlothian".*

Greg Clark Profile

THELMA LECOQ's good piece on Greg Clark goes off the beam when she says, "He was not told about the formation of a union, learned about it only after the labor-sympathizing *Star* had crushed it . . . "

Greg *did* know about the Guild—though not at its very outset — and was urged to join by many, including his close friend Fred Griffin, who was on the executive for a time. He always refused, but while we regretted it most of us did not resent it. Closest I ever heard of his giving a reason for not joining was one day when I was talking with him about it. He pointed out the window at an ornament on a nearby building. "That may get knocked off any day," he said. "but I intend to be around for a long time yet."

Ottawa, Ont. PAUL A. GARDNER

Bishop of Quebec

IN MY article "C. of E. in Canada" (Nov. 29 issue) no mention was made of the first Bishop of Quebec, Jacob Mountain, appointed by George III and consecrated in London in 1793. He preceded James Stewart who was consecrated in 1826 as the article states.

London, Ont. W. T. HALLAM

Dignified City Halls

REFERENCE Pages 12-13 issue of November 29. Do we attend the City Hall to go to school, or do we attend school to go to the City Hall?

Personally, I think City Halls might be more dignified.

(Brig.) SIR E. O. WHEELER

Vernon, B.C.

Protestant Missing

"THE ARCHBISHOPS and Bishops of the Holy Catholic Church, three hundred and twenty-six in number, assembled from all parts of the earth at Lambeth . . ." begins the encyclical letter of the 1948 assembly of the Episcopate of the Church of England and her sister churches.

Nowhere in the Book of Common Prayer is the term "protestant" used to describe the Anglican branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

Would writers of the editorials dealing with "Roman Catholic" versus "Catholic" Synod opinions on immigration please not refer to them as "Catholic" versus "Protestant", however much newspapers and journals in the United States have fallen into this erroneous practice.

The Church of England's protestantism does not bear the stamp of "protestantism" as it is used to describe the denomination which grew out of the Reformation. She *pro tests*, in the sense of testifying for Catholic freedom. Her protestantism is *not* "that which is other than Roman Catholic".

However, the term protestant may be used of the Greek Orthodox Communion, so may it be used of the Catholic Church I serve as a Deacon.

(Rev.) THOMAS MASSON
Church of the Apostles.

Moosonee, Ont.

Book Supplement

CONGRATULATIONS on your book supplement of November 29. I hope this is to be a permanent SATURDAY NIGHT feature. I was pleased to note the preponderance of Canadiana reviewed and especially enjoyed R. A. Farquharson's discussion of Bruce Hutchison's "The Incredible Canadian". Would it be possible to have a book supplement in the Spring as well? I understand that publishers present the bulk of their new books in the spring months as well as in the fall.

Toronto, Ont. SIDNEY JORDAN

Indo-China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

associated with the French Foreign Office, as a greeting to the NATO Council members.

"Everyone knows," wrote M. Massip, "that peace negotiations in the Vietnam under present conditions would incline the vast mass of hesitant Asiatics now daily seeking to guess the winner to turn decidedly towards the Communists. But it is to such negotiations that France may be reduced if she is left to bear alone the burden of this war which may decide the fate of Europe.

"All the efforts of the Atlantic Community will be in vain if the vast problem of South-East Asia, and its military and economic strength, continues to be neglected even by those who in Korea are defending at immense expense a barrier of doubtful strategic value. France can pursue her efforts precisely to the degree to which she receives growing aid from her Allies. Left to herself she cannot continue for long to assure the protection of the only Asiatic bastion which ought to be defended at all costs."—*OFNS*

Crime Lab

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

ing on-the-spot questioning; enough lighting equipment to flood a darkened city block with daylight. Sandwiched in the van's front is a stainless steel darkroom where fingerprint photos can be "souped" on the spot, ready for immediate classification on arrival back at headquarters.

Since it went into operation last March, the lab's effectiveness has been pointed up in a thousand cases, ranging from helping to recover stolen cars to investigating homicides. During the Bordeaux prison riots when inmates ripped out electric power lines, the lab's two gasoline generators throbbed throughout the night, supplying power for glaring searchlights that bathed rioters milling dangerously in the courtyard. When a hail of bullets flushed the gun-wielding Suchan gang from a Montreal apartment this summer, detectives were equipped with bullet-proof vests and riot guns that are part of the Mobile Lab's armory.

The laboratory, said to be the most modern in use anywhere in the world, has proven to be a potent striking force against law-breakers, both in tracking them down and as a psychological deterrent to crime. Says one detective, "We've noticed that a couple of runs by the lab through the seamier districts during the night is generally followed by a sharp decline in the number of crimes committed."

Had your aluminum today?

CHANCES are you have, because practically everything we eat — grains, vegetables, meat, milk, eggs — contains aluminum. This is not surprising, since one-eighth of the earth's crust is aluminum.

Aluminum is most readily available commercially, however, in the form of bauxite ore. Alcan ships this ore from South America to feed its pot lines at Arvida, Isle Maligne, Shawinigan Falls and Beauharnois, P. Que. When the huge new Kitimat development is completed in B.C., refined ore will be shipped up the West Coast from South American or other abundant sources. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 250

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1953, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd day of February next, to shareholders of record of 31st December, 1952.

By order of the Board.

L. S. MACKERSY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 10th December, 1952.

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FILMS

Seasonal Lull

by Mary Lowrey Ross

WE NOW appear to be at the seasonal lull in movie-entertainment—the year-end interval which the distributors fill in with pictures for people who just want to go to the movies and don't much care what movies they go to see. In a week or two the big wheels of the industry will begin to mesh again and the super-productions of 1953 start rolling off the line. In the meantime the faithful public and the dogged film reviewers must rub along with such minor offerings as "The Hour of Thirteen", "Something for the Birds", and "Bonzo Goes to College".

"THE HOUR of Thirteen" is probably the best of these, a rather dubious rating. It is an English suspense picture in a style and period that remind one of the mystery stories in the *Strand* and *Windsor* magazines at the time when Raffles was the international figure of genteel crime. The story involves a mysterious assassin who goes about killing policemen, a slick jewel thief (Peter Lawford) who contributes his services to Scotland Yard, and a frail and lovely heroine (Dawn Adams) who contributes nothing whatever. This is one of those films in which the usual wild improbabilities of human behavior are balanced, though rather hazily, by a strictly ordered plot. The picture ends with a vigilant warning that crime does not pay, even when accompanied by grace, charm and good table manners.

"SOMETHING for the Birds" presents Edmund Gwenn as a government engraver who takes care of Washington invitations and so is able to cut himself in on some of the Capitol's most distinguished parties.

The success which Actor Gwenn achieved as a lovable old phoney in "Mr. 880" seems to have kept a whole hive of Hollywood screen writers lining out plots, all having to do with endearing elderly eccentrics, and all adapted to the special talents of Mr. Gwenn. One doesn't know whether to admire or deplore the amiability with which Edmund Gwenn falls in with their various schemes, but on the whole deplorable seems to be the word for "Something for the Birds."

Along with the plot involving the party-going "Admiral" is a sub-plot having to do with a bird-lover (Patricia Neal) who comes to Washington to lobby for the preservation of a national bird breeding-ground. Miss Neal, needless to say, is wildly miscast as a passionate ornithologist, and Victor Mature, his hair tastefully greyed at the temples, isn't much more convincing as a Washington lawyer with lobbying as a side-hobby. As usual, Mr. Mature looks blindingly like a movie actor and nothing else. An immense amount of plotting has gone into the frail structure of "Something for the Birds", which is built up as precariously as a tower of matches on a bottle top. All time wasted.

EDMUND GWENN, who must be the busiest man in Hollywood these days, turns up again in "Bonzo Goes to College". This time Actor Gwenn, though something of a specialist in scene-stealing, hasn't a chance against Bonzo, the educated chimpanzee.

Unfortunately, Bonzo doesn't come along for some time. Meanwhile we have Mr. Gwenn as the doting grandfather of Gigi Perreau, a child star with whom I have long felt imperfectly sympathetic. She's a broody little thing here, the only daughter of a professor of anthropology; and though Grandpa does his best to cheer her up, nothing comes of his efforts. Then Bonzo pops into her bedroom window and tucks himself in for the night in her twin bed. After that things cheer up a bit, at any rate for admirers of trained chimpanzees.

As an old animal lover I should, I suppose, be moved by Bonzo. I am, to a certain extent, though in a rather disturbing way. His sad simian face and his fumbling approximation of human behavior are touching, certainly; and one can always comfort oneself with the thought of the hundreds of bananas and ice-cream scoops that must have come his way during his training to stardom.

In his latest picture the wonder chimp dresses and undresses himself, cleans his teeth, answers doorbells, posts letters, caddies, eats nicely at the table and even impersonates the co-respondent in a divorce case. When Bonzo attends a college football practice and runs away with the ball it becomes clear to his young owner and to her Grandpa (who is also football coach) that with a little preliminary work on mathematics Bonzo could easily make the team. He does, too, and after a couple of screws of the plot wins the cup for his alma mater.

As a combination of animal act and football fantasy the finale of "Bonzo" is almost, though not quite, funny enough to make up for the depressing behavior of the human actors. I arrived too late for the opening credit list, so can't tell who wrote, produced and directed "Bonzo Goes to College". I suspect it was Bonzo.

THEATRE

Fry, a Witch and Fry Again

by Margaret Ness

CHRISTOPHER FRY is upon us. We haven't seen much of him yet, only his shorter plays. Now his "The Lady's Not For Burning" is released to groups, with restrictions. Halifax ran up the Fry flag for the Canadian premiere when Robert Alban snaffled it off for his Theatre-in-the-Round. Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre opened its 1953 season with this romance between Thomas Mendip and the beautiful witch, Jennet Jourdemayne. And Jupiter Theatre, Toronto, plays it Jan. 16.

You've probably heard the recording by Pamela Brown and John Gielgud. It's so excellent I keep thinking I've actually seen the play. The same thing happened with the BBC program of his short play, "A Phoenix Too Frequent". The scene came through so vividly I could even see the moonlight streaming down the steps into the tomb. Consequently I was slightly miffed when Toronto's Hart House Theatre production placed the steps centre and not left as I'd "seen" them.

The play was done with director Robert Gill's usual meticulousness and the cast was competent but it wasn't as stimulating as the radio program. The fault—or credit—lies with Fry. Hearing the play you can concentrate on the striking descriptive poetry, rich word humor, philosophical concepts. Seeing it, you are distracted by setting, movement, color. Fry lets fly too much imagery for us moderns brought up on stark realism.

And it's no use referring to Shakespeare. Our schools have drilled all the high-blown lines into us so well that we can settle down to enjoy the lusty melodramas or the low-comedy situations. But Fry is provocative talk-talk, not action.

"Phoenix" is ultra sophistication in the warmed-up love of a wife for a soldier she meets in her husband's tomb where she is trying to die of grief. "The Boy with a Cart" is religion vs. reality as young St. Cuthman seeks the place where he must erect a church for his people. While in "The Lady's Not For Burning" the hero proposes that he burn instead of the beauteous witch, not from chivalry but from ennui. And "Venus Observed" has to do with a 40-ish widower who shows young ladies the star Venus from his observatory instead of the customary etchings. The latter has not yet been released to groups; was played in England by Sir Laurence Olivier and in New York by Rex Harrison and wife Lilli Palmer.

It will be interesting to see if full-length Fry has to be played by top actors. I would imagine so if merely because of the poetic language. To talk poetry and make it sound natural is a feat in itself.

Of course, any play benefits from expert acting. And some plays are trickily simple in reading and even in a top-starred premiere. Take Kramm's "The Shrike". It's about a would-be suicide whose possessive wife is willing to leave him in a mental ward for life if he won't return to her. The play should shortly be released and I can imagine a group with a top actor nabbing it as a Dominion Drama Festival entry. I'd have said myself that such an actor could pull it off—an actor like W. A. (Bill) Atkinson, 1950 Dominion best actor for his role of disillusioned professor in Robertson Davies's "Fortune My Foe". That is, I'd have said it was the man's play after seeing it in New York with José Ferrer and Judith Evelyn.

Then came the road show with Van Heflin and Doris Dalton. It was produced by Ferrer and every move was identical. But it wasn't the terrifying experience of the original. Van Heflin was almost as good as Ferrer. But Miss Dalton didn't manage to make his final release into her custody almost as dreadful as the alternative. Judith Evelyn did. She was the shrikebird impaling her victim on a thorn to devour later at leisure. In New York the playbill read "José Ferrer *and* Judith Evelyn"; the road show as "Van Heflin *with* Doris Dalton". That, it struck me, is the guide to the importance of the wife's role. But you don't suspect it in the reading or as played by a Judith Evelyn—because she's actually not on the stage even half the playing time.

But back to Fry. Recently another Fry play has been meeting with success across Canada. It's a translation, however, of "Ring Around the Moon" by Jean Anouilh. The wry humor would appeal to Fry—that of a society man trying to break up a romance between his twin and a *nouveau riche* girl. And it's a play that comes off successfully with a good competent cast. There's nothing tricky about it, except the twin's appearances on each other's heels. Victoria College, University of Toronto, presented it recently to a most appreciative audience. Last summer it was played by University of British Columbia's Summer School of the Theatre and the Ottawa Summer Theatre; and in December Halifax's Theatre-in-the-Round added it to their successful Fry season. It might be well worth a group's interest—a pleasant, easy audience-approach to a real genuine Fry later.

Acting notes re "The Lady's Not for Burning": Both Canadian Repertory Theatre and Jupiter Theatre have cast English actresses in the witch role. In Ottawa she's Pat Moore who played with the Peterborough Summer Theatre; in Toronto, she'll be Catherine Blake, recently with the Oliviers in "Antony and Cleopatra". Toronto has lined up ex-Montrealer Chris Plummer for the hero. Ottawa had John Atkinson. Both Plummer and Atkinson played with the Bermuda Theatre and have had summer stock experience.

■ Coming up: the 15th annual one-act playwriting competition of the Ottawa Little Theatre Workshop, with three cash ($100, $75 and $50) awards. Last year the top award went to Neil Harris of Saskatoon. Usually the winning plays receive a Workshop Evening production. It's balm to a playwright's soul, probably even more bracing to the ego than the money. The presence of Governor-General Massey isn't guaranteed but His Excellency, along with the winning authors, did see the November Evening. And third prize winner, Mrs. Elda Cadogan, of Durham, Ont., will see her play, "Rise and Shine", in the Eastern Ontario Regional Festival this month. The Workshop carried off honors with it in a preliminary try-out in Kemptville. If you are interested in entering the playwriting competition, rules may be obtained from Chairman, Mrs. Roy MacGregor Watt, 244 Powell Ave., Ottawa.

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BOOKS

The Critic Is Warned

by Robertson Davies

RETURNING to the position on SATURDAY NIGHT from which he has been absent for ten years, the present writer finds three books waiting for him which stand, like Guardians of the Gate, at the beginning of his task. They are books of literary criticisms, different in quality and approach, but each a reminder to the critic of the variety, responsibility and difficulty of his task.

The first, by Frank Swinnerton, is "Londoner's Post", a selection from the essays on books which he writes for *John O'London's Weekly*. They are in the form of that English specialty, the informal, humane essay. If this is criticism, it is criticism by the fireside, in slippers; it is pleasant, for Swinnerton is writing of books he likes, and he shares the warmth of his feeling skilfully with his reader. But the books of which he writes were published long ago, and nobody need look to Frank Swinnerton for a new opinion on them; his task is to illumine the reputations of established books and authors with the candlelight of his appreciation. Pleasing though the effect is, the reader may long for a sharper critical edge to the writing, and a greater strenuity in the critical thinking. It is a sad fact of criticism that when strength of condemnation is lost, strength of appreciation dwindles with it, and only a bland bookishness is left and the taste of mutton passing as Lamb. Criticism in this manner, applied to new books, would be of little value to writer or reader.

IT IS INVIGORATING to turn from Swinnerton to the brisk and muscular writing of Edmund Wilson's "The Shores of Light", a companion volume to his "Classics and Commercials", and described as "a literary chronicle of the twenties and thirties". We find no lack of condemnation here, but we may wish that Mr. Wilson could praise more generously and more easily. He can strike a telling blow on behalf of an author who is dead and neglected, or a living author who has been, in his opinion, slighted by other critics, but he does not easily praise a writer who has not one of these special claims upon his championship.

If Mr. Swinnerton is all appreciation, Mr. Wilson is miserly of this critical quality. He is unquestionably the best-read and most discriminating critic of books writing regularly in the U.S.A. He despises the provincialism of critics who know no literature save that in English, and he opens the window to admit tonic breezes from France, from Italy and from Russia. But there is more than one kind of provincialism, and the Continental standards of criticism which Mr. Wilson received from Christian Gauss and others can be as narrow in their way as the sometimes muddled standards of England and the U.S.A.

Mr. Wilson is a little too much the college dean, before whom authors appear for reproof and instruction; he takes the tone of what Oxford calls a "moral tutor". He sets us all right, and we are usually ready to admit that he is right. But a critic can be too right; this very rightness may close criticism in its highest sense to him. No author will ever sweep Edmund Wilson away into a land of his own invention, and a critic should know when and how to abandon himself to a work of art.

Please do not misunderstand the expression "college dean". There is nothing meanly academic about Mr. Wilson; his prose is free of what Wycherley called "a sneaking college look". His judgment is fine, and his scholarship broad and rich. But he never sends us eagerly to a book, and a critic ought surely to be able to do that, sometimes, without offending his conscience? Even his praise of Ben Jonson suggests that he could have told Ben a thing or two, had chronology permitted.

MENTION OF JONSON, that tireless and brilliant spouter, brings the third book in view, for it is by Christopher Fry and is called "An Experience of Critics"; it is a reprint of a speech he gave to the Critics Circle on April 28, 1952, and though it deals with theatre criticism ostensibly, Fry speaks for every writer who is an artist. He asks for understanding, for intelligent sympathy, and cries out against what he calls "the patter of tiny criticism, the busy sound of men continually knowing what they like". He continues: "How anything manages to create itself at all is a wonder. The newly sprouting acorn is dug up several times a week, and solemnly told that, whatever it may think to the contrary, it is not an oak-tree. It must understand that it is nothing more nor less than an acorn being pretentious".

Fry begs for critics who are big enough to understand writers and artists. It is a tall order, and it has been more nearly solved in Europe than in England and the States, for in Europe many men who are writers of fiction, of plays, of poetry, also write journalistic criticism; the plan does not always work and brings about literary quarrels of the utmost violence, but it does not hand artists over to men who know nothing of their agonies. The critic who is himself a writer knows how sharp the birth-pangs are; he also knows when the artist's screams are genuinely those of travail, and not of a painful flatulence.

In the modern world there is a well-bred pretence that critics and artists get on well together, and are always working toward the same ends. This is a lie. In an admirable preface to this little book one of the finest actors of our day, Alec Guinness, suggests that the best way to deal with a critic is to hit him. In the brief comments on drama criticism, by eight London critics, which conclude the book, the approach ranges from the feeble, the coy, and the intelligently honest, to Mr. T. C. Worsley's nakedly hostile declaration that what artists need from critics is "discrimination"—which seems to mean a more or less sound thrashing for their impertinence in trying to enliven and enrich the world. Certainly in this book the critics appear as very poor creatures in comparison with Mr. Fry and, in his small corner, Mr. Guinness. This is the most illuminating book about criticism that I have seen in some time, doubly precious for the honesty with which it faces the fact that artist and critic often meet on a field of mutual hatred.

With a good appetite your new critic sets about his task. He hopes to exult often; he will hate if authors resolutely demand it; what he will not tolerate is the dull, the meanly "deserving", the ignorantly pretentious and the flabby.

LONDONER'S POST—by Frank Swinnerton—pp. 175—*Ryerson Press*—$2.50.

THE SHORES OF LIGHT—by Edmund Wilson—pp. 814—*Ambassador Books*—$7.50.

AN EXPERIENCE OF CRITICS—by Christopher Fry and others—pp. 62—*Perpetua*—$1.75.

Books In Review

by T. J. A.

HUMMEL HUMMEL—by E. Allen Petersen—*Burns & MacEachern*—pp. 256—$4.95.

HERE IS adventure on the Pacific, 17,000 miles of it, undertaken not by a corsair but by an osteopath. The American Dr. Petersen and his Japanese bride bought a Chinese junk, the Hummel Hummel, in Shanghai for $250 in 1938 and left the Japanese-bombed country for California by a circuitous route. They liked the sights, life and newspaper notoriety so well that they returned to the Orient seas and islands on the Hummel Hummel, ending their voyaging when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor in December 1941.

A Richard Haliburton sort of adventure and book, better in observed details (slower travel, a junk is not seven-league boots, and on the seas Dr. P. encounters whales and natives, not personages) but too shallow and sentimental for strength. Anyway dilettante adventure, no matter how arduous, is sensational, not the stuff that comes from lust for gold, blood, new worlds or hell.

ANNAPURNA—by Maurice Herzog—*Clarke, Irwin*—pp. 288 *illustrated*—$3.75.

IN 1950 THE AUTHOR led a French expedition to conquer Annapurna, a peak in the Himalayas. They succeeded in an epic climb and descent—perhaps the most terrible adventure since the war. It was the first time a peak higher than 25,000 feet had been scaled. The book, translated from the French and prefaced by Eric Shipton, tells the story in detail which heightens the achievement and exalts the heroism.

It is an awesome log of mountaineering humanly great, approaching sublimity where the spirit of man merges with the drear of the infinite five miles above the earth, in the isolation of wind and peaks, cold and snow, "where the summit we have reached is no longer the Summit; the fulfilment of oneself—is that the true end, the final answer?" Hertzog dictated his account from a hospital. The illustrations are beautiful and powerful.

GREEN TREASURY—by Edwin Way Teale—*Dodd, Mead*—pp. 615—$6.00.

THE SUBTITLE is "A Journey Through the World's Great Nature Writing". E. W. Teale, an American, freights his anthology with modern American writers, with due regard for Conrad, Hardy, W. H. Hudson and Thoreau. As a traveller through the world and 22 centuries, the anthologist has little regard (or knowledge?) for the first 21 centuries and foreign-tongued writers.

His omissions are loud. No poetry at all, and Stevenson and Conrad speak for France; nobody for Germany, not even Goethe (who did hammer rocks in Bohemia). But the anthology is fresh in selection, and J. Henri Fabre, the French recluse and naturalist, is included. The arrangement is topical, not chronological; *e.g.* "The Waters", "Night and Day", "The Life of the Earth". Handsome in cover and format; a posh book for a private library.

THE AGA KHAN—by Stanley Jackson—*Ryerson Press*—pp. 240—$3.75.

WHILE THIS biography of the fabulous Indian potentate has the air of an apologia, the writer, a British professional in this sort of writing, succeeds in establishing the Aga Khan as Prince, Prophet and Sportsman—his subtitle. (As sportsman, the Aga Khan took up the Turf and made two million pounds out of it.)

This "charming anachronism" was endowed with vast wealth which he shrewdly supervised and increased; and with wisdom which he turned to good ends in matters as various as his Presidency of the League of Nations and his choice of fourth wife, the present lovely Begum who was "Miss France" in her youth. "Mr. Ghandi mourned on orange juice while the Aga Khan set himself to defend Moslem rights". The fact that today he remains Prince and Prophet and in control of his vast Indian wealth

attests his shrewdness and statesmanship—and intelligence. The book is indexed.

BORDER RIVER—by Alfred Goldsworthy Bailey —McClelland & Stewart—pp. 61—$2.50.

THIS IS another small volume in the publisher's *Indian File* series of meritorious, sometimes revelatory good verse by Canadian writers. A. G. Bailey is Dean of Arts and professor of history at the University of New Brunswick, apparently a man of talents, one of which is writing verse. This volume has the air of a subsidized publication. If it does not appeal now as poetry it could have value later as Canadiana. The poems are generally short, as lyrics are. What is the lyric worth of:

The winter will not return this often
A granary for months of ill at ease.

Even the title poem, however refined its artifices, lacks art:

For beneath the stratum of Benjamin Church's corpulent boast,
blowing the islands over with the gaff of Falstaff.

The ink-horn squeaks. The nine lines "Alter Ego" have real distinction and should be a sign-post to lead Mr. Bailey out of his present scrub.

HUNTER—by J. A. Hunter—Musson—pp. 263 xiv photos—$3.95.

THE BIGGEST game hunter of this century records his story in prose as matter-of-fact as Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game" and produces a revelation more truthful and wonderful than that Debrett of hunters of elephants, lions, leopards, rhinoceroses and warthogs. It is an account, mainly out of Africa and Kenya colony, to lure readers (and raise their hair) whose keenest interest in the sport and vocation of killing has been fly-swatting. Great personal courage, appreciation of gun, animal and native; the fortuity of his career between Darkest Africa and modern roads and princes wanting a guide to big game; his Anglo-Scottish wit and intelligent observation of the foibles of man and wild beast; these make J. A. Hunter a great African white hunter and the survivor of an era to tell about it. "I began my career as a professional hunter by shooting lions for their hides". That is the stance of his story.

Hunter spent twenty years as a white hunter, first for hides, then as guide on safaris, thereafter as expert and agent of the Kenya Governor in controlling the fauna. "At the end of three months, I started back to Nairobi with two ox-carts of lion hides. In ninety days, I had shot eighty-eight lions and ten leopards—a record which I believe has never been approached again and, I sincerely hope, will never be approached again".

When the Masai spearmen who inhabit a great tableland in the centre of Kenya ("the bravest of the brave, who in the old days had lived completely on other tribes") heard that the great lion hunter was leaving, the elders jabbered among themselves and came to Hunter with a proposition. They wanted to buy him from the Game Department for five hundred cows. A good wife cost them only three cows. Hunter was flattered . . . Incredible man, credible book.

Prescription for Doctors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

These men and women, as well as the hospital administrators, make themselves available to the press and may be quoted "in matters of public interest for purposes of authenticating information."

The Code states specifically that this action by the spokesmen "shall not be considered by their colleagues as a breach of the time-honored practice of physicians to avoid personal publicity, since it is done in the best interests of the public and profession."

Indeed, the Principles of Medical Ethics has a sentence which reads, "Refusal to release the material may be considered a refusal to perform a public service."

I believe it is an indisputable fact that most doctors base their decision in publicity matters, not on the rightness or wrongness of the case, but on a fear of what their colleagues may say about them. My experience with medical men leads me to believe that their professional jealousy quotient is about on a par with that of actors, lawyers and newspapermen. They live in mortal terror of having their name or picture in the news for fear that some kind colleague might murmur:

"I saw your advertisement in the newspaper yesterday."

Why do we like to use doctors' names in news stories? The reason is quite obvious. We believe the public has a right to know whose work is being described and whose opinions are reflected in the text of the article. To adopt a policy of not quoting authorities would open the way for unreliable reports on medicine by irresponsible publications. Also, we feel very strongly that the story of medical progress is the story of people as well as facts.

Newspapers and magazines are frequently accused by medical men of printing "premature" publicity on new developments. Well, as all you obstetricians know, those premature babies have a habit of growing into strong, healthy and useful citizens.

No informed person expects science to move forward at a steady, unchanging pace. Surely the public is entitled to witness this progress, no matter how irregular and interrupted it may be.

"It is the science writers' contention that the public should learn of new developments touching on its health just as soon as a number of qualified physicians feel that the developments have promise and that they have been tried out sufficiently to justify continued use," the medical editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Steven M. Spencer, wrote in a medical magazine not long ago. "Those who are ill need all the hope and encouragement they can find, and they find a great deal in the good news of medicine's accomplishments. The disease which a patient is suffering may be incurable today, but his faith in medical science may help sustain him until the arrival of tomorrow's successful treatment."

You will note his stress on "faith in medical science"—there, I suggest, is the essence of what we have come to call good public relations. It transcends the material and the physical; this faith is a thing of the spirit.

A wise old Canadian doctor summed it up this way: "The best public relations is to *do* good and *be* good." This is a noble concept—but is it impossible of attainment? With all the audacity of a newsman, I am going to presume to suggest to you people of superior intellect and experience what may be needed to realize this dream.

First, I hold it to be an axiom of life that no man can be whole, a citizen of the world, until he has first realized and cherished the personal loyalties of home, of family, of community, and of country. I believe that no man can realize his destiny unless he clings to some form of religion—whether it is in the formal observance of Sunday church-going duties, or in the simple vision of service, as exemplified in the parable of the Good Samaritan.

IN this regard, you may recall Sir William Osler's injunction to look into the hearts and minds of men as well as their bodies—to consider not only "What kind of sickness has this man?" but "what kind of *man* has this sickness?"

I believe that it is our duty to maintain a high sense of professional respect—respect for our calling, and even more—respect for the manner in which we perform it.

Finally, I believe that we must all shoulder our real share and burden of civic responsibility. Too many doctors have neglected this responsibility. In this day and age, no group can shut itself off from its fellows in a sort of hermetically-sealed container and say: "Sorry, too busy . . ."

Doctors, we need you. You are men and women of expensive education, long training and invaluable experience. Your judgment, your knowledge of the workings of the human heart and head, could make matchless contributions to community well-being and happiness. And I am sure I need not remind you that few classes of society have such opportunities for service, or such rich and lasting rewards. For, long ago, it was said that "in no other act does man approach so near the gods as when he is restoring the sick to the blessing of health."

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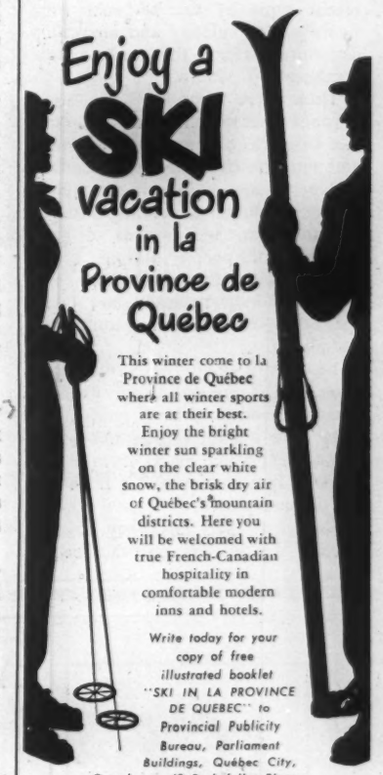

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IMAGINATION ON FILM

A Fresh Approach by NFB

by Gerald Pratley

TOO MANY documentary films made in Canada appear to be born of lack lustre imaginations and put together without essential feeling for the pictorial and expressive powers of the cinema. It is therefore pleasant to record that three recent films by the National Film Board are stimulating and interesting departures from the conventional documentary pattern.

These three films are "The Son," "From Father to Son," and "L'Homme aux Oiseaux" and each are charming and intimate little stories of Canada and her people. Gone is the obnoxious commentator thundering throughout the film, and instead of mere shadows of people flitting across the screen we meet individual characters speaking naturally and living their daily life in their natural surroundings.

Except for minor flaws these pictures, each running about 30 minutes, are models of short production. They have a completeness and polish about them which marks them as the work of film makers with a fresh eye for the unexplored.

But more than this, they have a warmth which gives one the feeling of coming into contact with real people. In other words, their directors have expressed their interest in humanity rather than material things and in so doing they have revealed something essentially and unmistakably Canadian about the people and the setting.

Of the three "The Son," directed and scripted by Julian Biggs, has the more exacting theme. It embraces only a tiny part of Ontario, yet it reveals a new world to those unfamiliar with the land. The story is quite simple: the son of a farmer threatens to leave his father's peaceful Ontario farm unless he is given an equal share in profit and management. After much deliberation the father realizes his error in not providing his son with security and an adequate wage and makes him an equal partner. Beautifully made, this picture captures the freshness and spacious feeling of country life but does not give a false impression of living conditions and the struggle for existence.

THE dramatic conflict is not complicated and gives way to pleasing scenes of farm life which are directed and photographed with charm and imagination. Particularly well done is the scene showing the birth of a foal. The flashback technique is well handled, the dialogue has a spontaneous quality about it and the natural sound effects are cleverly used. The real life characters seem a little nervous of the camera which has resulted in a slight stiffness in their speech and bearing. Robert Fleming's score is very expressive and Walter Sutton's photography is full of the moods of the changing countryside.

—NFB

"FROM FATHER TO SON" studied the problem of inheritance in Quebec. Farmer Valin discusses the division of the family farm with the village priest.

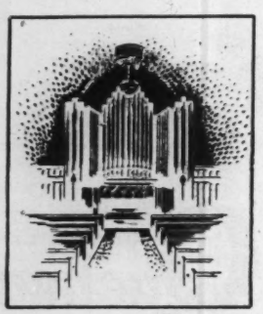
In an almost identical vein is "From Father to Son," written and directed by Roger Blais, and set on a Quebec farm bordering the St. Lawrence River. Here the father has difficulty in deciding which of his elder sons shall inherit the farm. Unfortunately this slight story line is lost in a picturesque essay on the four seasons, which has been done before. This is not to say however, that the film does not put across its point. It may ramble but it does not lose interest. Our French-Canadian populace are far more natural before the camera than their English speaking brethren both in speech and movement.

An early scene showing the son being gored by a bull is poorly faked, but apart from this the serene, harmonious life of the Quebec countryside where people love the land and gather in warm kitchens, and live through a seemingly never ending succession of births, marriages and deaths, is unfolded with a poetic tenderness equal to that frequently expressed by European film makers. Maurice Blackburn's score is inventive and in keeping with the spirit of Jean-Marie Couture's photography.

"L'Homme aux Oiseaux" is a wonderful lark in a fictional style of film making, almost approaching the wit and gaiety of a French domestic comedy.

Photographed outdoors in Quebec city this is an 'invented' story by Roger Lemelin, directed by Jean Palardy, about a man who is fired from his job because his interest in birds makes him repeatedly late for work. While wandering around the city he fancies several jobs but changes his mind when he sees their disadvantages. The film has a neat ending in which his wife is seen waving him a tearful goodbye as he sails away on a ship.

The idea is conveyed that he is going far away, but the final shot shows he is working on the Levis ferry. The film sustains its light-hearted mood throughout, the characters are delightfully quaint and verbose.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

POINTS OF INTEREST

by Bernice Coffey

IN THE WORLD OF FASHION, spring is here. Clearance sales of winter clothes have almost run their course, with only a few odds and ends left hanging on a rack in an out-of-the-way corner. Invariably these have the dejected, picked-over look of garments that have suffered the indignity of numerous mark-downs with no takers. No one pays them much attention for Spring clothes, with their air of freshness and fragility, their implied promise of winter's end, are blossoming everywhere. Too early to wear, perhaps, but a fine brave sight. Meanwhile, to bridge the seasons, we look about for new ways to lend a fresh look to the winter costume . . . for points of interest:

If the idea of wearing a tiara has attractions it's comforting to know that one's blood need not be tinged with blue, nor need one have inherited a tiara along with a stomacher and a dog collar from grandmamma. The hat man with the elegant name of Mr. John P. John has designed tiaras as jewelled and regally plumed as that belonging to any duchess of the blood, though perhaps not of as great intrinsic value. In New York Mr. J.'s tiaras are worn with the short-length evening dress.

If your feet are the kind that can afford to court attention, what more attractive "point of interest" than a pair of gay velvet sandals (left) with rhinestone paved heels, and slender wrap-around straps fastened with a rhinestone buckle.

Point of interest for those going south now, or with an eye to the future—"Shoestrings", shoes of kidskin in bright, high colors with contrasting lacing around the vamp. Think of them for both day and evening wear. Watch, too, for such foot fancies as shoes of denim in "hot and cold" awningstripes, mirror black patent.

Something new in costume jewellery . . . the dull-finish pearl in a single-strand necklace (right) with center interest of rhinestone scrolls, the pearls connected by silver chain links.

And, of course, a very early spring hat—from France, perhaps, like the one by Marie Christian shown at right: mauve straw with a brim that has the serene curves of a conch shell.

NEW SHAPES in jewellery. La Tausca.

SHELL-shaped hat. Marie Christian.

HUMANITY LOADS THE DICE

IS THERE ROOM FOR WOMEN AT THE TOP?

by Renée Vautelet

IS THERE ROOM for women at the top? This question may be more important to Society than Society itself realizes, for it concerns the availability of one half our potential leadership material, at a time when our social system urgently needs all it can mobilize in brains and competences, if it is to survive. At its face-value the question answers itself. The Top has always room for those who can get there. Ours is a world perpetually in search of leaders, perpetually crying out for the efficiencies and values that produce achievement.

To ask therefore whether there is *room* at the top for members of one half of humanity, would be an odd question, if it did not reflect in itself the hang-over of centuries of thinking in terms of special privilege for one sex alone, and the problems this thinking still sets across the path of women today.

Women have had access to general fields of action for somewhat less than one generation. This is scant time in which to shake off the trammels of thousands of years of drastic, social restrictions, or in which to expect the majority of women to conquer the *summits* of fields they are barely entering.

Nevertheless, enough women have already reached enough points of elevation in the majority of these fields, to answer any doubts as to women's competence, at least, to reach the top *against all interference*. How many others have been blocked off from positions that could use them, by the unconscious handicaps society imposes on women, we will never know.

It is not yet thirty years since the Privy Council ruled that women were "persons". Today—though they are a rather pathetic minority in most fields—Canada has seen women mayors and senators, a Madame Speaker, women cabinet ministers, MP's, doctors, lawyers, Queen's Counsel, airplane engineers and representatives to the United Nations; and this is only part of the list.

IN THE U.S. I have met women who managed iron foundries, newspapers and department stores. Women like Doctor Mary Bethune, who has risen from the level of one-time slave parents to the leadership of an inspired, life-long crusade for her people; women experts in labor relation and investment fields, national political women organizers, and women like Mrs. Roosevelt and Mme. Pandit, who have, in their own lifetimes, moved all the way from Victorian or Oriental total restriction of women, to outstanding places on the world's highest council.

This mere sample list indicates a vitality in their long "excluded" sex that in itself alone represents a value the "top" cannot afford to waste. In the first generation after the vote and equal privileges were given the common man of England, no such record for the suppressed classes was chalked up.

Unhappily the high cost of reaching the top is still discouraging many women whose abilities might be needed there. Among its minor items is the confusion among women generally between Value and Visibility, between being lifted to the tasks of leadership and fulfilling the tasks of leadership.

Prestige is a new and shiny bauble and competition something many women are not yet able to take in moderation. In those fields where women compete with men, an age-old resignation to a lesser place in the sun tempers the tensions of rivalry, but where women compete with women, frustrations and false sets of values are engendered through the immature belief that success is something one can win and wear, like a new hat, instead of what it is—a by-product of personal competence and effort, a something spun from within oneself like the thread of a spider.

This error is basically human, not of one sex alone, but many women still bring to the rivalries it evokes much of the emotional involvements and bitterness once attached to the harem. Though this competition for "visibility" chiefly occurs at the early, thinning-out levels, it has discouraged many women at the outset from moving towards the Top.

THESE TENSIONS between women are rapidly being replaced by a visible, growing solidarity of women. A new product of this generation, it is heartening to watch grow. Another generation will see most of their confusions gone—and a generation is a small thing compared to the ages of arrested social motion women have had to live through and must recover from.

It is Society and not other women that exacts the highest price from women however, on their way to the top. For women are handicapped—as their brothers are not—by the many traditional, unexamined and purely emotional habits of thought the world reserves especially for them and has never subjected to the light of reason.

Chief of these is the feeling that while man is primarily an individual, with individual rights and liberties far superior to any responsibilities he may have as a sex, women are first of all a sex, whose duties towards society limit their very dubious rights as individuals.

Running parallel with this form of instinctive thinking, is the attitude that automatically considers that 50 per cent of humanity must be almost exclusively employed in tending the daily, personal needs of the adult other 50 per cent, and that all other work women undertake—even if it is at the call of the community, as in war—must be superimposed on this immense (and rather wasteful) primary contribution to society.

By this contribution man becomes the only male animal on Earth that need not take care of his own personal requirements, and is carried by women (whom society says he supports) through all aspects of his everyday wants—his own day's work being erected on this release from all need to see to his own upkeep.

In actual fact man himself is beginning to reduce this strain upon women—if not yet in his social thinking, at least in actual practice—by a growing readiness to share the chores of the home. But while Society (which includes women's thinking as well as men's) expects of men only an eight hour day, it would cry out in horror if women claimed the same rights.

Women are also handicapped by the pull of thousands of years of such attitudes on their own psychology, by the strains emotionally put on them by the traditional reactions of their nearest and dearest, and by the world's constant preoccupation with them. These strains reduce women's chances of reaching the top or of staying there. Like weeds from an ancient jungle, they need to be removed if tomorrow is to make full use of all its competences. When humanity loads the dice, even unconsciously, against one group within itself it penalizes it's own interests. Today it is our social thinking, not lack of room that makes the top a difficult position for women.

Reactionaries write that women are becoming neurotics because they have left their "proper" sphere.

Apart from the fact that no one half of humanity can logically define *for the other* what is its proper sphere, women are actually resisting rather well both the pull of centuries of restrictions and the constant yammering of a society that feels a proprietary right in them it never felt for men.

DO WOMEN, I wonder, realize the pressures they live under? From magazine and newspapers, seminars and radio, from the pulpit to the forum, women are hourly exhorted, criticized, blamed, lampooned or urged to save the world, in an endless battering of social admonitions.

No man's magazines bulge with instructions on how to be a better husband, father, wage-earner; on how to hold one's wife or clean up civic government. No man is ever exhorted to shun work that might make him less often or less efficiently a father. Churches rarely make him responsible for his wife's religion, happiness or drinking. These things are women's daily fare—an occupational hazard of being a woman—the music round their proper sphere.

Moreover, while wives loyally cheer their mates on to success, the reverse is true for women, though there is an increasing number of happy exceptions. If a successful man can say, with at least partial truth, "I owe everything to the little woman", most successful women, if truthful, would confess that they are what they are despite the constant drag of their menfolk on their skirts. This frequent need to fight both at home and abroad is woman's greatest source of emotional exhaustion, and the cause of much of her failures.

Do these failures matter?—some may ask. After all we *have* gotten along nicely without women outside the home, for many thousands of years.

Have we?

IT IS HARD to estimate values that were never allowed to be born. The nearest way to evaluate what price humanity has paid for its refusal to use 50 per cent of its material is to imagine what the loss of the world would have been if Mme. Curie had chanced to be born in any one of the countries that refuse education to their women. Can anyone seriously believe that Marie Curie and her gift of radium to the world was a unique manifestation in the history of womanhood? Today—in the wake of six thousand years of masculinism—it is hard to estimate the frightening percentage of stifled genius, brilliant discoveries and possible Curies the world has failed to know through it's refusal to develop *all* its potentials.

Women today are needed at the top not merely as individuals, but also as women, as members of a sex with centuries of practical experience in territories men are only now getting interested in. Our world is a partnership, or was so intended. It needs the minds of both its sexes to run properly. Communism and Socialism—both of which have capitalized on Society's long worship of economic rather than human values—might never have existed if women's preoccupation with human beings had obtained access earlier to the business of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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SOMEBODY'S COMING

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

DESPITE THE FACT the open season "to be jolly" is past we are a gregarious lot and can usually be counted on to accept an invitation "out". One of the most entertaining ideas we've come across in the catering field is in Nikka Standen's book, "Reminiscence and Ravioli". Seems it was customary in Rome when the family entertained "society" to rent gorgeous cakes and tortes from a patisserie. The hostess paid for the cakes cut into and the others were picked up by the caterer at the end of the reception. This allowed a very showy buffet display at low cost; although there was always the risk that some spiteful guests might demand a slice from each cake.

So far we've not developed this service in Canada. In the meantime, here's a recipe for a good buffet cake. It is a perfect foil for a large white cake and is known by various names, Black Cake, Snow-on-the-Mountain and many others. We'll call it Spiced Chocolate Cake which isn't nearly so intriguing but does describe what it is.

SPICED CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
3 teasp. baking powder
½ teasp. salt
1 teasp. cinnamon
¼ teasp. powdered cloves
½ cup shortening
1½ cups granulated sugar
4 eggs, separated
½ teasp. vanilla flavoring
2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ cup freshly made coffee
¼ cup milk
1/8 teasp. salt

Sift together first 5 ingredients. Cream shortening, gradually add sugar. Beat until well blended. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla and melted chocolate; beat until well blended. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with coffee and milk. Beat egg whites with 1/8 teasp. salt until stiff. Fold into cake batter. Pour into 10″ tube pan which has been greased on bottom. Bake in moderate oven of 350°F for 50 to 55 min., or until done. Remove from oven. Allow cake to cool in pan about 10 min., and then remove from pan. Cool on cake rack. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Salad moulds are colorful and delicious for buffet service and Sunday suppers. The recipe given below moulds nicely in a melon-shaped mould—for a larger group make "twins" and serve on a platter.

LIME SALAD MOULD

1 package lime flavored gelatine
1 cup boiling water
1 cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
½ cup mayonnaise
6 slices canned pineapple

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water and add pineapple syrup. Brush with oil a melon or plain mould. Pour in 1/3 of the lime gelatine and chill until firm. Chill remaining mixture until slightly thickened. Beat until fluffy and fold in horseradish and mayonnaise. Beat enough to blend well. Spoon over firm lime gelatine. Chill. Unmould on salad greens and garnish with pineapple rings. Pass mayonnaise or French dressing. Serves 6.

Nice for nibbling before or after meals are—

TOASTED BRAZIL NUTS

Cover ½ lb. Brazil nuts with boiling water. Simmer for 4 minutes. Drain well and then cut in thin slices lengthwise with a sharp knife. Place in a shallow pan and add 1 tablespoon butter and sprinkle with salt. Toast in 350°F oven for 20 to 30 minutes until golden brown and crisp. Stir occasionally. Drain on paper towelling.

If you are serving ice cream with a "serve-yourself" array of sauces here's one that's a bit different.

WINTER FRUIT SAUCE

½ cup sugar
¼ cup honey
2 cups water

Combine ingredients in saucepan and cook over medium heat for 10 minutes.

½ cup dates
½ cup figs
½ cup glace cherries
½ cup blanched almonds
1½ tablespoons brandy

Cut dates and figs in quarters. Slice cherries and sliver the almonds. Add to syrup and cook 2 minutes longer stirring to prevent fruit sticking. Remove from heat and add brandy. Serve hot or cold. It will thicken as it cools. Makes 1 pint.

Things Are So Durable

THINGS are so durable.
This gown, acquired for a wedding
remains the same,
while the bride is now a mother of sons
and the groom is dead.
But the inanimate endures: clothes, chairs, concrete,
and the endless monotony of pavement, penury and people.

Only beauty is transitory:
Water wind tossed and splashed with sunlight,
Clouds whipped into whiteness against a summer sky,
A note of music achingly lovely, suspended into silence,
The ermine of new fallen snow
before time stains its purity,
And the face of a child
reflecting the wonder of being alive.

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Room At The Top?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Government.

Most social fields such as education, health, law and order, originated in their basic capsule forms in the home and have been part of women's housekeeping chores since centuries. How far our failure to train her special experience for larger fields has penalized us we will never know.

Women have perhaps a still heavier responsibility for their still scant showing at the top, than men have. Women still lead the chorus that echoes the criticisms of women men originated, but are now rapidly dropping in a far more speedy and generous acceptance of changing times than their feminine echoes.

Though women fill half the volunteer positions in Canada, in politics—the urgent business of self-government—they have failed so far to hold any significant power. Yet politics will need leaders as never before, if we are to hold our bastions—till those who *enjoy* democracy grow up to the fact that they are also supposed to run Democracy.

So far women have played around this "ocean" of responsibility with a teaspoon, partly through petty rivalries, partly because they have been mainly content to be men's handmaidens in elections, but also because, in this field of all others, where service is actually service of oneself, we tend to wait for favors from above, rather than to produce competence from below.

Women today know enough of their "rights" to demand political representation for women, but I doubt if there is one county in Canada where women manage the county organization for their party, or one province where women run equally with men the mechanisms of choice of candidates and elections.

Yet the right to speak at policy-making levels rests on the ability to deliver values at voting levels . . . *where men are only too ready to welcome us IF WE CAN DO THE JOB.* Till we can manage our 50 per cent of it, positions at the political top for women—with a few elected exceptions — will remain favors we entreat, not rights we earn.

Fundamentally society needs to realize that its need for women at the top is far more urgent than their need to get there under present strains. And women need to remember that, however rough the road, if society is to see with both eyes and think with all . . . not just half . . . the lobes of it's brain they must take up the full burden of participation *under whatever conditions now prevail.*

In such participation, in all major fields—when social survival may be at stake—success is safer measured in terms of how much one gives, rather than how much one gets, and ambition becomes rather a muddler of proper values than a help.

There is room at the top for women but chiefly for those women whose main preoccupation is with the job, not the level at which it is done. Our preoccupation is to see that we have constantly more of them.

LIGHTER SIDE

"Half the Money Sticks"

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" said Miss A. who dropped in on me early last week, "Happy New Year and the best of the season's greeting! You've got a smudge on your forehead."

"Where?" I asked.

"Higher," Miss A. said. "On the top and upper part."

"You sound like the Currie Report," I said, and Miss A. sat down and removed her hat and gloves. "The Currie Report was one of the things I dropped in to talk about," she said, and looked at me suspiciously. "I suppose you intend to defend the practice of putting horses on the pay-roll."

"Well no, not exactly," I said. "Of course, if they were honest hard-working horses who paid their income tax quarterly it wouldn't be so bad. On the other hand if they were dams, or if they were very elderly horses that would make things a littler more complicated, what with Family Allowances and Old Age Pensions."

I went out and brought in the tea.

"Of course, we know very little about these horses," I said. "They might have been specially deserving horses. I mean kind, patient horses that allowed little children to scramble all over them and kick their ribs. Or old and loved household pets that the owner was reluctant to send to the glue factory. Or they might have been strong loyal horses who never complained when required to drag supplies to the General's Dam. How do we know that these people who put horses on the pay-roll weren't simply speaking for those who cannot speak for themselves? They may be operating purely in the spirit of the SPCA or even of St. Francis of Assisi."

HOWEVER, Miss A. wasn't interested in this high-minded approach. "What do you mean by the General's dam?" she asked. "Was she on the pay-roll too?"

"Oh no, no," I said. "This wasn't that sort of dam. It was just an 80-foot length of concrete put across a stream to make a pool."

"What did they use this pool for?" Miss A. demanded. "To water the horses?"

"Goodness, I don't know," I said. "You know the old saying about you can lead a horse to an unauthorized government pool but you can't make him drink."

"Yes, but leading one to a pay-roll—" Miss A. began.

"Let's look at it this way," I said. "The horse is beyond doubt man's best friend. In tolerance, loyalty and generosity he is far kinder to the human race than the human race is to itself. So naturally someone wanted to reward him. They probably could have put practically anything on the pay-roll at that time. Hippogriffs, unicorns, mongeese. Or is it mongooses."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," Miss A. said.

This left us both confused so I got up and slipped the Currie Report under the kitten who was sitting in the corner looking thoughtful.

"ANYWAY this business of putting animals on the pay-roll has a perfectly good precedent," I went on. "You remember that cat in the British Admiralty—I think it was the British Admiralty—who was given a government pension amounting to sixpence a fortnight. Nobody asked why. Probably for catching mice. Or maybe just for bringing out the human side in rear-admirals. Anyway it was definitely on the pay-roll and nobody asked any questions about it when the story came out in the papers."

"You mean nobody *protested*!" Miss A. said.

"Nobody at all," I said. "No protests. No investigations or reports. No altering of documents. No heated debates in the House of Commons . . . But then the English are great animal-lovers, besides being, as you know, *much* more politically mature than we are."

"Still this cat you speak of was definitely a civil servant operating under his own name," she said after a moment. "Doesn't it sound funny to you to think of horses being called George K. Balch, or Leopold Lomaski, or something like that?"

"Not any funnier than names like Bouncing Bernie, or Alota Lake or Foxy Adeline or Broken Arches," I said, and carried the tea-things off to the kitchen.

Miss A. was still looking rather glum when I returned. "From your point of view, it would probably be perfectly all right not only to put horses on the government pay-roll but to run them in the next Federal election," she said.

"Well as long as they ran them against human candidates," I said. "Of course, if they ran horses against horses, it might confuse the issues and lead to a lot of illegal betting.

"I once had a newspaper friend whose favorite saying was, 'Always remember, half the money sticks.'"

"I am frankly appalled at your attitude towards political corruption," Miss A. said severely.

"Well it was probably an overestimate," I said, "like most estimates of government expenditure. Still if you're going to have any peace of mind you might just as well forget about the half that sticks and concentrate on the half that goes for Family Allowance, Highway Upkeep, the preservation of the breeding ground of the whooping crane and the control of the spruce budworm."

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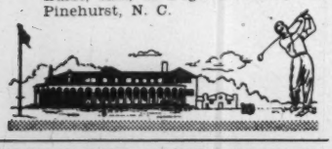

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Winds to America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

the news of Columbus' discovery of the Caribbean islands spread across Europe in 1495, how was it that John Cabot immediately set sail from Bristol and made a return trip to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia in record time? I suspect that he knew the Zeno story in the elite trading circles of Venice, to which he belonged, and as soon as he heard of the Columbus exploit, he followed the Zeno course to the lands they had found. Sebastian may have gone with him as a youth, or he may not; for Sebastian was a very ambitious and very unscrupulous man, who coveted the glory of his father's discovery; and someone, it is thought, destroyed all John Cabot's personal records—not a trace of them survived.

Another two centuries had to pass before the winds of the oceans became first charted for all to see—and it took a pirate to put it all together. In the year 1669 a youth named William Dampier apprenticed as a seaman on a ship sailing to Newfoundland. He found the northern winds and seas much too cold for comfort and thereafter sailed much farther south, for twenty years or so in company with buccaneers—in trouble of one kind or another most of the time. But all the time he took note of the way the wind was blowing, and between episodes of fighting and other disturbing actions, wrote down everything he saw in his journal. Eventually he published it and the full title was "Cap. Dampier: His Discourse of the Trade Winds, Breezes, Storms, Seasons of the Year, Tides and Currents of the Torrid Zone throughout the World." Thereafter he was known as a famous oceanographer, but he capped a climax to a fantastic career by rescuing Alexander Selkirk from his Robinson Crusoe Island. He knew how to find him because he had helped to put him there.

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COMES the frigid month of June
Followed by
An even frigider July!

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Like a frozen fish's eye

Sees the glacial mountains crawl
Slow but sure
In a Polar temperature

Bringing shivers for y'all
With design
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Comes the creeping Centigrade
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Ideologies and chains,

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Lending frozen assets tone
In the ice
With his bid and asking price.

Over all the temperate zone
Bust and boom!
Sound the decibels of doom.

As the ice cap wanders on
Hear the groan
Of the crunching steel and stone.

Where's the gloomy Kremlin gone?
Pentagon?
And the ice cap wanders on.

And on
And on
And on
And . . . yawn
And yawn
And yawn
And yawn.

And the glaring glaciers creep
Through the yawn
Of an interglacial dawn. . .

(Brr! I'm going back to sleep
And to dream
Of the benefits of steam.)

ROD YOUNG

BRAIN-TEASER

THE SKI'S THE LIMIT

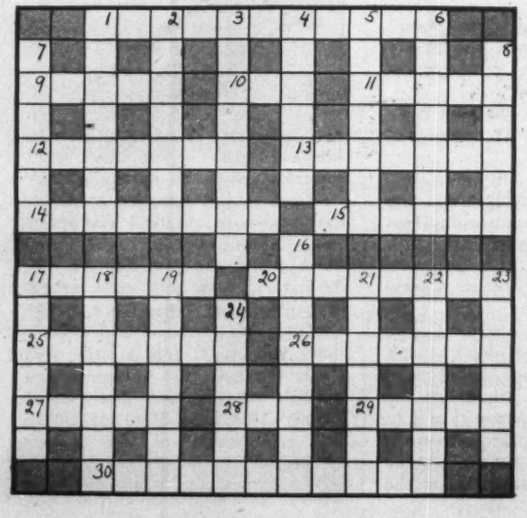
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. High spots in a Prime Minister's winter holiday? (11)
9. Does the doctor throw a fit when he skis into it? (5)
10. Gilbert's Princess almost formed an idea. (3)
11. Show dexterity? It's 50-50 on one ski! (5)
12. 11's end in the hot season. (7)
13. Harem of a hen-pecked husband? (7)
14. A poor relation might make this pointless. (8)
15. A little company, taking less, makes alterations or it does. (6)
17. Flagged along in this ski race. (6)
20. An excursionist does on tracks, to eventually make ski tracks. (8)
25. Disturbed rest keeps little sister inside. (7)
26. A ski jump do this to you? One in France has never upset making it. (7)
27. Forbid loud music at a western ski resort. (5)
28. Not well seen in a down-hill run. (3)
29. How the Khan got in once more. (5)
30. Sort of risky? I shock snow runners. (7,4)

DOWN

1. The time when one's sure to get a floral tribute from Hawaii. (7)
2. Katharina, until Petruchio. (7)
3. A deportee is forced to eat grime. (8)
4. Timid, perhaps, to take up art, thinking it worthless. (6)
5. Gunman's paradise? (7)
6. With an M.O. ahead they sound like stingers. You'll get a rise out of them. (3,6)
7. Does as a seaport. (6)
8. Broken poles, and a little bit more, once in 1 across. (6)
16. How the Canada Year Book appears to those who take a bus back to 17 down. (6)
17. See 16. (6)
18. What the drinker baths in, for a change. (7)
19. State of boneheads? (7)
21. Absconded with a bag of plunder? (7)
22. Is there no way out from these? (7)
23. Threads N.E. with skis. (6)
24. Ski 'ome in the frozen north. (6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. "Each man's son"
9. Cucumber
10. Raffle
11. Wilt
12. Tacit
13 and 26. Next in line
14. Gardening
15. Penny
17. Combs
19. Apple tree
23. Stem
24. Spain
25. Rump
26. See 13
27. Tailspin
28. Corn in Egypt

DOWN

2. Abutted
3. Habitant
4. African
5. Sprite
6. Offence
7. Lucio Agostini
8. Alexander Muir
16. Plunging
18. Bambino
20. Phaeton
21. Turns up
22. Astern (243)

"THE SHRIKE"

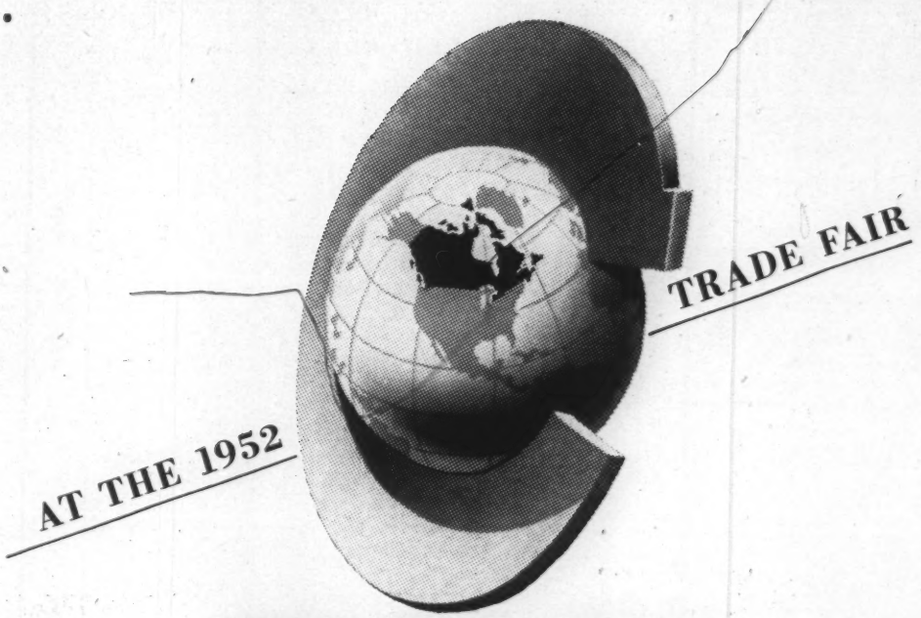
Marriage of Horror

by Lucy Van Gogh

EVERY generation is entitled to its lunatic asylum play, with its evocation of the horror of the sane man trapped and gradually reduced to at least the semblances of insanity. For each generation it has of course to be dressed up in the jargon of the time. This generation has "The Shrike" by Joseph Kramm, and the dressing is partly Viennese psychiatry and partly straight American possessive-wife-ism. But the whole object of such plays is to produce horror, and Doris Dalton as the shrike-wife is not nearly sinister enough. The prospect of getting out of the asylum only to spend a lifetime under her power ought to make our flesh creep. (The shrike, or butcher-bird, impales its prey on thorns.) Actually it made us feel that the reluctant husband was a bit hard to please.

Mr. Van Heflin was pretty good on the horror business, in a quiet and restrained sort of way, and let himself go in the last scene quite well; but this critic could not help reflecting that he was getting out of the asylum (pardon me, the City Hospital) anyhow, so what was all the emoting about. He would, I am sure, have been much better in my own version of the ending, in which the unfortunate Mr. Downs gets a much clearer indication of the sort of life he is going to live in the "custody" (nice word) of Mrs. Downs than is ever provided for the audience by Miss Dalton, phones for her to come and get him — as she actually does — and conks her with the telephone when she arrives, being thereupon immediately committed for life to the violent ward.

The play is full of background characters who include some excellent bits depicting lunatics or persons who might become lunatics of various kinds, but it is not a well-constructed play. There is a waste character in it named Charlotte, with whom Mr. Downs has temporarily solaced himself before attempting suicide, and who never appears. She should at least be exhibited to the audience through the reactions of Mr. and Mrs. Downs to the thought of her, but nothing happens. The piece will probably make a much better movie. In the cinema a shrike should at least provoke a few shrieks. But then the title will have to be changed; the cinema audience will not know what a shrike is. (And by the way, did you, until I told you?)



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